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FICTION AND POLITICS.*

Why, in the vast multitude of novels, are there so few that deal with political life? The true aim of the novelist, as of the dramatist, is the development of character in the pursuit of an end; but the novelist has this advantage—that he can elaborate his setting, elucidate the influences among which his characters move, by detailed description, by comment and analysis, even, if necessary, by historic dissertation. Now it should seem that the political career offers to the novelist the worthiest end and the most picturesque and interesting environment. The ruler's ambition has always passed for the highest, and there is certainly no province of life in which the collision of wills, the action of individual mind upon mind, of temperament upon temperament, and that more subtle action of a moral atmosphere generated by an organized association upon the individual who enters the association, can be observed and depicted so well as in the domain of politics. Nor is there any sphere where the sex interest can more readily be blended with the other springs of action; nowhere can the choice between love and duty be more

plausibly represented. Just at present, no doubt, it is the fashion to speak of Parliament as an assembly of talkers, considerably inferior in all the governing qualities to the police magistrates of newly subjugated provinces, or even to the heroic colonists who learn the hard realities of life in shearing sheep or causing them to be shorn; but in spite of the prevalence of this talk, a seat in the House is still a main object of ambition, and, for that matter, desired and pursued even by novelists. It is certainly true that to write successfully of political life some acquaintance with its actual workings is necessary, but that is not so rare nor so hard to come by as to deter the writer of fiction; and more than the necessary knowledge must have been possessed, for example, by men like Thackeray and Charles Reade, both of whom in their day were candidates. What, then, is the explanation? Assuming that a political career offers the highest distinction open to the average Briton, why does the novelist so seldom launch his hero (or her hero) upon it?

In so far as the English novel is concerned, perhaps the nature of Brit-

*1. *The Mantle of Elijah* By I. Zangwill. London: William Heinemann, 1900.

2. *Senator North*. By Gertrude Atherton. London: John Lane, 1900.

Quisante. By Anthony Hope. London: Methuen & Co., 1900.

ish institutions supplies the answer. Novelists have never shrunk from the introduction of absolute monarchy or despotic ministers into their pages. The man who can sway the resources of a kingdom, decide in a moment matters of life or death, war or peace—whether you call him Louis XI, Cromwell, Richelieu, or another—makes an obvious appeal to the imagination. But the constitutional sovereign or the member of a party government has not the same range of impressive action. All that he can generally do by himself is to threaten to upset the coach, and even this exploit is not always feasible. In short, we believe that the parliamentary hero has never been common in fiction, for the excellent reason that heroics are out of place in Parliament. That very peculiar system of government which the genius of our race has evolved proceeds by methods so indirect that, while parliamentary success is by general consent a matter of personality, and perhaps more a matter of personality in the House of Commons than anywhere in the world, it is not easy for a novelist to indicate the steps to the goal. Your hero can always conveniently and credibly head a forlorn hope, transfix the villain in a duel, rescue the drowning orphan, pilot a ship through the narrowest channels, soften the most obdurate heart by long fidelity, display unaltered attachment to a damsel disfigured by the small-pox; but there is no reader so accommodating as to believe that by an outburst of fiery eloquence any hero forces the resignation of a corrupt minister or turns a division in the House. Eloquence has its effect in Parliament—about that there is no question; but the effect is a little too remote and roundabout to be heroic. Disraeli observed a wise discretion when he conducted Coningsby across the threshold of the House of Commons, and there dropped a veil over his career, just as,

in the old-fashioned novel, hero and heroine were through many complications brought to the altar and the resultant felicity was taken for granted. The development of character under the ordeal or discipline of matrimony has indeed afforded material to many novelists, but the theme has seldom proved heroic; and the same applies unquestionably to the experiences of political life. But, however unromantic may be the treatment, there hangs always about love and marriage the indestructible glamor of sex, and the problems which have to be handled in a study of matrimonial drama come home to the business and the bosoms of all mankind. On the other hand, the hopes and fears, the temptations and the triumphs of political life in England are in a sense so esoteric and so indirect that they must be expounded as matters unfamiliar; and in the process of exposition the reader's mind is apt to find itself reluctantly robbed of a picturesque though vague illusion. A political novel, seriously attacking the subject in the spirit of frank realism, must be very like an Ibsen play, and, as a matter of fact, that brilliant and bitter comedy, "*The League of Youth*," with its poignant satire on the unconscious contradictions, incongruities, and even indecencies into which the rhetorical temperament is prone to lead one who aspires to lead others, contains more of the root of the matter for us than any recent work, though it is written, of course, with reference to Scandinavian politics and politicians. And, indeed, if you look for heroism in politics, it is apt to be not unlike the heroism of the gentleman in "*An Enemy of the People*," who became a martyr for conscience sake upon the question of drainage. Ibsen's doctor, who insisted on reporting that the town drains were in an unsound condition, although the mayor and corporation urged upon him that no good citizen

would bring inevitable ruin on the watering-place of which he was a burgess, is a true type of the hero in politics, be they imperial or municipal. But it is very hard to make him a sympathetic figure, and most people declare that "An Enemy of the People" is not a play at all, much less a tragedy, but a squabble about sanitation.

If one thinks over the dramatic occurrences in the politics of the last few years, it is plain that the satirist has more openings than the seeker of heroic moments. No doubt Mr. Gladstone, greatly tempted by the greatest of all temptations, power, which, as it seemed to him, he and he only could rightly use, is a superb tragic figure, but a tragic failure. A novelist may certainly conduct his hero up to a situation like that in which Mr. Morley stood at Newcastle when he refused to be dictated to on the question of an eight hours' day, fought and won his battle; but will the novel-reading public be content with that for a consummating achievement? The action may be heroic—it was indeed—but it lacks the halo of romance. And the truth that parliamentary life is not a romantic business is sufficiently evidenced by the one truly romantic figure that Parliament has shown to the world in these last decades; for Mr. Parnell was to all intents and purposes a rebel, only present in Parliament as a soldier in a hostile country.

Still, although novelists—and particularly English novelists—have comparatively seldom made the endeavor to show how human character displays itself under the special influences and in the special opportunities which the political arena affords, the political novel is a well-marked class—and a class sufficiently extensive to require sub-division. There are those which are novels pure and simple, which pursue the proper end of fiction; and there are those which, although not limited to a

single extraneous purpose, like the books which one calls almost technically "novels with a purpose," have yet other objects in view than the telling of a story. When Disraeli wrote "Coningsby," he defined his purpose in a dedication; it was "to scatter some suggestions that may tend to elevate the tone of public life, ascertain the true character of political parties, and induce us for the future more carefully to distinguish between facts and phrases, realities and phantoms." The book was, in short, a political pamphlet; a glorified pamphlet, no doubt, but still a pamphlet having for its object a general survey of the political situation created by the passing of the Reform Act in 1832 and the events immediately succeeding. It had other objects, a larger scope than the pamphlet proper can embrace; in it that strange, half-visionary mind of the great political dreamer gave the rein to an opulent imagination, as yet undisciplined by the exercise of power; and the Hebrew, himself the embodiment of the imperishably vital principle in a stock that had kept itself separate and unmistakable through many wandering centuries of heterogeneous association in the chance medley of mankind, prophesies concerning race and natural aristocracies, the prerogatives and the duties of blood; while in the same volume the expert politician of the English House of Commons advocates, opposes and satirizes particular and transitory catchwords, men and measures.

Prose fiction in Stevenson's brilliant phrase, "drags with a wide net," and the net has seldom spread wider than in "Coningsby." There you encounter, for example, a reflection on the fact that the French serve their dishes on cold plates to save their china, accompanied by the politician's shrewd argument for a treaty of commerce which should facilitate exchanging "the fab-

ries of our unrivalled potteries for their capital wines," and thereby improve the dinners of two nations; while a little lower on the same page some passing reference to the Carlists calls forth the glorification of "a past, but real aristocracy, an aristocracy that was founded on an intelligible principle, which claimed great privileges for great purposes, whose hereditary duties were such that their possessors were perpetually in the eye of the nation, and who maintained, and in a certain point of view justified, their pre-eminence by constant illustration." And in the *dramatis personæ* there is the same odd juxtaposition of idealizing fancy with close practical observation; Sidonia, young, beautiful and wise, Jew and grandee of Spain, who saves the credit of nations with his finance and wins steeplechases with his horsemanship, rubs shoulders with the immortal placemen, Tadpole and Taper. And it is just this twy-natured character that prevents the average reader from caring for Disraeli's novels; he will not be at the pains to understand. And in a sense the average reader is right. They lack the unity of art; they are not really novels, though everywhere is evidence in abundance of the novelist's gift. Tadpole and Taper, Dioscuri of the lobby, with their hierarchical superior, Mr. Rigby, the placeman *in excelsis*, attest the faculty of satiric creation; Lord Monmouth perhaps proves even a higher gift. When Harry Coningsby comes to present himself for the first time to his grandfather, the grand seigneur overwhelms him with a bow worthy of Louis XIV, and the boy subsides into tears; a trait perhaps overcharged, but highly characteristic of the writer. But the ideal Eton boy, as Disraeli conceives him, knows that he has got to be brave, and at dinner he is very brave. One of the guests, Mr. Ormsby, takes friendly no-

tice of him and inquires about Eton. Coningsby answers boldly.

"Gad, I must go down and see the old place," said Mr. Ormsby, touched by a pensive reminiscence. "One can get a good bed and bottle of port at the Christopher still?"

"You had better come and try, sir," said Coningsby. "If you will come some day and dine with me at the Christopher, I will give you such a bottle of champagne as you never tasted yet."

The marquis looked at him, but said nothing. "Ah, I liked a dinner at the Christopher," said Mr. Ormsby. "After mutton, mutton, mutton every day, it was not a bad thing."

"We had venison for dinner every week last season," said Coningsby; "Buckhurst had it sent up from his park. But I don't care for dinner; breakfast is my lounge."

"Ah, those little rolls and pats of butter!" said Mr. Ormsby. "Short commons, though. What do you think we did in my time? We used to send over the way to get a mutton chop."

"I wish you could see Buckhurst and me at breakfast," said Coningsby, "with a pound of Castle's sausages."

"What Buckhurst is that, Harry?" inquired Lord Monmouth, in a tone of some interest, and for the first time calling him by his Christian name.

"Sir Charles Buckhurst, sir, a Berkshire man; Shirley Park is his place."

"Why, that must be Charley's son, Eskdale," said Lord Monmouth; "I had no idea he could be so young."

"He married late, you know, and had nothing but daughters for a long time."

"Well, I hope there will be no Reform Bill for Eton," said Lord Monmouth musingly.

Thackeray knew how to represent Lord Steyne well enough, but Thackeray would hardly have realized how the man, who had through a long career denied himself no gratification, would be gratified by the sight of youth just beginning life and making a fool of itself in a spirited way. Thack-

eray would have been apt to make Lord Monmouth round on his grandson with a laugh that would make the boy wince; Disraeli realizes how the sight of Coningsby makes the old *viveur* feel young again. He repeats the touch, in describing the Montem in which Coningsby took part, when he makes Lord Monmouth look at the great Duke's triumphal progress through the cheering boys, and say, "I would give his fame if I had it, and my wealth, and be sixteen." No writer has felt more keenly the glamor of youth than this dreamer whose young men all see visions; but, for all that, he does not trouble to make Coningsby more than a puppet or mouthpiece emitting the ideas that Benjamin Disraeli wished to utter—ideas which had a perfectly definite reference. For, although the characters figure for the most part under borrowed names, with the leaders no such concealment is used, and the author passes judgment explicitly on the actions of the Duke of Wellington, and expressly suspends judgment on Sir Robert Peel. In short, Disraeli, in "Coningsby," and everywhere else, uses the novel primarily as a vehicle for disseminating ideas, and not as a means of illustrating human character by the art of narration, which is the true aim of a novelist.

Such was the aim of Anthony Trollope, the one novelist whose imagination positively revelled in the atmosphere of St. Stephen's. The sort of inhibitory effect which we have conceived to be exercised upon the average fancy by the unromantic conditions of a parliamentary career could never touch him, for Trollope never felt the need to idealize anybody. Moreover, he was incorrigibly, enthusiastically, admirably British; the gospel of compromise was as the breath in his nostrils; and if a seat in the Cabinet were the highest ambition of an English gentleman, he was not one to shrink from

the exposition of all that the ambition entailed. Nothing gives him a more obvious delight than to fling cold water into all corners where romance may lurk, to show how in the workings of Parliament a man must be first and foremost a loyal member of his party, a good follower, ready to sacrifice personal predilections, fads, ideals even, at the bidding of a Whip; and yet how there must always remain certain things that he would not do at the Whip's bidding. That is the novelist's true concern, the problem of character. Trollope does not dwell much upon the pros and cons of the measure over which Phineas Finn, his singularly ill-named hero, feels himself bound to resign; what he does insist on is the atmosphere, the numberless little ingredients that go to make up the feeling of success, partly social, partly political; the temptation of office just in so far as it represents the prize in a game where the players are keen and many; the influences at work, both in Parliament and outside it, that tempt a man to sacrifice his scruple—the pretty women to whom he will cease to be an object of interest, the personal foes to whom his discomfiture will mean a gratification, the personal friends whom his defection will distress and in some small degree embarrass; these, and not the definite political issues, are the stuff of the book. How good Trollope's work is has, we think, hardly been recognized; but if one considers the best things in it, it is easy to see why political novels fall of a great vogue. The character among all his characters on whom he most prided himself—the man whom he picked out as representing his ideal type of the English gentlemen who make England what it is—was his Mr. Plantagenet Palliser. Now, of the popular attributes of a hero, Plantagenet Palliser possesses none. His influence in Parliament is not of his own making, for, although a com-

moner, he is near kinsman and heir to the great Whig Duke of Omnium. Trollope never pretends that Plantagenet Palliser would ever have approached the top of the ladder if he had not been born three-quarters of the way up. The province of politics, in which his influence is felt, and which he makes his own, is the arid region of finance; Mr. Palliser sits up late at night and rises early in the morning, neglecting his charming wife for the decimal system and questions of currency reform. He desires office in order to give effect to his ideas, but they are not the grandiose and far-reaching conceptions of Disraeli's heroes; they have to do with the driest and pettiest details of economic administration. And yet Trollope is quite right; the gentleman who, without desire of reward, regardless of showy success, works like a galley slave for the work's sake; who, placed by his position above all suspicion of pecuniary motives, is also inflexible on any matter that has the semblance of a job; who, in short, feels it his duty and finds it his pleasure to serve the country in the most laborious positions, and would be miserable without the work—he is unquestionably the type who has made Parliament what it is. But the fact remains that Mr. Palliser's is a dull excellence; he has neither the engaging virtues nor the attractive vices; and even when, in the last of the four novels in which he figures, Trollope represents him as succumbing to a human weakness, the temptation of power, and clinging unduly to office, it can hardly be said that he is altogether a sympathetic figure. Still, there he is; you may not be enthusiastic for him; you may understand clearly why his wife, the Lady Glencora, should have contemplated running away from him in the early days of their married life; but you will also understand why he is a tower of strength to his party, and even why his

wife, that very human and delightful intriguer, grows very fond of him. And if the intelligent foreigner asked for a book or books which would illustrate to him the existence of a member of Parliament in Great Britain, and enable him to realize the peculiar atmosphere of that peculiar mode of life, with its good and evil, its various qualifications for success, as, for example, Alphonse Daudet's "Numa Roumestan" illustrates the political career in France, one would not hesitate to refer the inquirer to Trollope as giving him precisely the insight that he desired.

Mr. Meredith has more than once handled a political theme, from varying standpoints. In the "Tragic Comedians" he worked from a definite datum, the life and personality of Lassalle. In "Diana of the Crossways" a dramatic story that figured (without foundation) in the scandalous chronicle of Lord Melbourne's day made the pivot of a fine book, of which the great bulk was sheer invention, but in which certain notabilities—Lord Melbourne himself first and chiefest—were recognizable. Lastly, in "Beauchamp's Career" we had a sketch of the hero in collision with all the obstacles and limitations that beset the path of a political aspirant. Mr. Meredith is, of course, no pamphleteer, though he has his emphatic beliefs as to the needs and destinies of England and her people, which in these books, but not specially in these, he enforces; his aim is the display of character. But for the routine of Parliament, the working of the party machine, he has Beauchamp's own contempt. What he gives us then is, in "Beauchamp," a kind of satire on the conditions which made a man like his splendid sailor impracticable in politics; and in "Diana" brilliant studies of the political forces that work outside of Parliament, the Olympians, both gods and goddesses, of the political world. It might be well asserted,

so far as artistic achievement goes, that "Diana of the Crossways" is the greatest English political novel; but it is certainly not among Mr. Meredith's finest productions, and it is rather a study of the personages in one epoch than of permanent conditions.

But Mr. Meredith is a survivor from the great generation of novelists. Chief among the newer writers who have dealt in fiction with politics is, of course, Mrs. Humphry Ward. "Marcella" and "Sir George Tressady" were so fully discussed in this Review that we are disinclined to do more than recall the skill with which Mrs. Ward delineated a permanent and notable type of the political woman. Marcella is a lady ambitious to exercise influence by her moral and intellectual qualities; but she finds that the strongest power in her hands is just simply the power of her sex; and the questions how far she can justify herself in using that power for ends which her moral and intellectual faculties dictate, how far she uses it unconsciously, and how far she shuts her eyes to the fact that she is using it, all give the novelist an admirable opportunity of which she avails herself with skill and discretion. In her latest book, "Eleanor," the hero is a politician, but a politician in retreat, sulking like Achilles and pretending without much hope of success (if we may judge from the one specimen of his work submitted) to have adopted literature as the means of effectuating his personality. But the last few months which have sent one novelist—Mr. Gilbert Parker—to the House of Commons and have denied to another—Dr. Conan Doyle—access to that arena, have launched into the world three novels of more than usual note which occupy themselves with the life of politicians.

Of the three novelists by a long way the best known is Mr. Anthony Hope, who has always shown some proclivity

to political ambitions since the days when he was a clever debater at the Oxford Union, and who has now, not for the first time, made the politician's temperament the subject of a novel. In his earlier book, "Half a Hero," the chief figure was the leader of a party in one of our self-governing colonies; but in "Quisanté" Mr. Hope comes to the centre of things, and sketches a personage for whom the career of Disraeli has plainly afforded a suggestion. For "Quisanté" is, like "Numa Roumestan," a study not of political tendencies, but of an individuality seen in unflattering contrast, yet in a contrast that emphasizes the power of the nature which can by virtue of its inherent force and fascination subjugate natures morally and physically superior to itself. Numa Roumestan is the *homme du midi* as Daudet conceives him, who pays habitually with words, but the words ring like gold pieces new-minted, and the sheer prodigality overwhelms. It overwhelms the cold, white loyal girl of the North, and she marries Roumestan, linking herself forever to a man whom she is forever finding out. Alexander Quisanté comes also as an alien into the surroundings where the success of his life has to be won, and success, as so often, wears the figure of a woman. Practically, that is the whole story of the book—the story of a man's conquest of a woman. Conquest is literally the fact; he conquers, she succumbs. Her first instinct is to recoil from him; she embodies all the feelings of the cast to which he does not belong, whose code of honor he does not share, whose sense of conduct he violates. When they first meet, she is to him "an empress among women," and he makes advances, according to his lights; she only finds that he flirted, that his flirtation was "weaselly"—a phrase which, to our minds, fits ill with her reputation for ultra-refinement. Only when she is part of an audience,

part of a spellbound audience, does she realize his power; and when he wins her it is in one of his "moments"—when he is to her what he can occasionally be to an audience. Thus we see the man, an underbred genius, through the eyes of a highbred woman, ambitious in a woman's way, who cannot resist the temptation to attach herself to the genius and to share his lot in life. What Mr. Hope succeeds in showing us very plainly is the difficulty experienced by such a woman in living with such a man during the hours which were not "moments;" the need for acquiescence in his small impostures, all the more discreditable because they violate no express sanction. But of the man's actual part in politics we are told little, except for the central chapters in the book which tell the story of a contested election, and tell it with spirit. Mr. Foster is well drawn, the wealthy Wesleyan, Quisanté's backer, to whom the hint is given that undoes Sir Winter-ton Mildmay. Yet, although the whole book is clever enough, it does little more than indicate cleverly a variety of points of view. Weston Marchmont, the ultra-refined politician who "ought to have a party all to himself, and then, by Jove, he wouldn't vote with it," is only an elegant shadow; and the Benyon brothers, Quisanté's first converts and disciples, are not much more. You do not get from the book anything, beyond several descriptions of the way in which a man with the magnetic talent for swaying a crowd may hold an audience, great or small, in a kind of thrall, with some suggestion of the contrast that may exist between the man in the moments when his gift is at work, influencing himself as well as others, and the other hours when the actor is off the stage, or rehearsing and stage-managing his effects. In short, the book resolves itself into the study of a single character, seen in the most

generalized conditions, and of an atmosphere which is only indicated by the fact that it repels Quisanté. In so far as the book amounts to a definite comment on political life, the pronouncement is simply this: that the man who is quite likely to become Prime Minister is also quite likely not to be a gentleman.

The other two books of which we have to speak differ sharply from Mr. Hope's in this, that they have a perfectly definite reference to existing political movements, and, to that extent, approach more nearly the "Coningsby" type. Mr. Hope makes a study, so to say, *in vacuo*, setting down among the best English political society, as he sees it, the ideal adventurer, as he conceives him. Mrs. Atherton sets down an imagined personage or personages—or at least personages who do not suggest to us any actual figures—in the thick of the stirring contest which preceded the declaration of war between America and Spain. Mr. Zangwill, on the other hand, travesties the lineaments of an unmistakable personality, and invents or embroiders a sequence of events upon a broad outline of the political transformation which has altered England in the last five and twenty years. But the common element in the two books is obvious and significant; each writer depicts the attitude of a statesman towards a war made by the democracy. Mrs. Atherton's book has, of course, less interest for us, and is, moreover, greatly inferior to Mr. Zangwill's in range of ability; but it is, nevertheless, a notable achievement, and one which an earlier novel of hers, noticed some time ago in this Journal, would never have led us to anticipate. Naturally enough, the book is chiefly interesting to English readers as a document; but, as we propose to show, it is by no means negligible as a pamphlet or statement of a point of view. Let us outline the story, which is of

the simplest. Betty Madison—rich, beautiful and twenty-seven—is in the very heart of that highly exclusive “Old Washington” set of southern aristocracy who eschew politics and suffer no politician to cross their doors. But she has been to England, has seen women, of whose breeding and position there can be no question, keenly concerned in politics, she is bored with the never-ending round of tea parties and flirtation with charming attachés, and decides to take an interest in politics. An English friend, married to a leading senator, is able to launch her, and she begins at once an exhaustive study of the senate. Her first experience of senators prepossesses her; they are all men who possess a great deal of “magnetism” (a property on which Mrs. Atherton is disagreeably prone to dwell). A rising young senator, Senator Burleigh, at once falls in love with her, but at her first political dinner she sees and is promptly subjugated by one of “the leading six”—Senator North. He is sixty, but none the worse for that. From that day forward a great part of Betty’s life is spent in the gallery of the senate, and North responds kindly to her advances. Trouble comes upon her in the shape of a letter commending to her care an illegitimate daughter of her father by an octaroon woman; and in her trouble she goes to North for advice. It is he who encourages her to surmount the almost invincible aversion of a Southern woman for the taint of black blood and to give a home to her half-sister, a beautiful girl whose strain is barely betrayed by the tinted finger-nails. The experiment turns out ill. Harriet falls in love with Betty’s cousin and sometime lover—Jack Emory, a Southern of the Southerners, who has used all his influence to keep Betty out of what he conceives as the mire of politics. A secret marriage results, and Betty tries to get the couple away to Europe, where the

question of color is not present in every mind. But Harriet is drawn by her racial instincts to a camp meeting of Methodist negroes, and in a drunkenness of religious enthusiasm she confesses to her husband the truth he has never suspected. He shoots himself, Harriet drowns herself, and so that episode is over—an episode which has little bearing on the main drift of the book except in so far as it helps one to realize a peculiar complication in the American outlook. But, apart from the political interest, Harriet is by far the most striking figure in the book, and her story for European readers is a document revealing facts and instincts familiar, no doubt, to every Southern American, but scarcely guessed at by us. In the meantime war has been brewing, and Betty is heart and soul with North in his opposition to it. For Mrs. Atherton’s attitude is very unlike that of the author of “Democracy,” the only other study of Washington and its life at all equal in interest to this. She holds a brief for the Senate which the earlier and more brilliant writer stigmatized so terribly. When Jack Emory endeavors to dissuade Betty from her enterprise, he is bidden go and collect at first hand facts, not phrases, to prove the ubiquitous and abysmal corruption of which he speaks. And the result is a dialogue, which Betty is able to sum up thus:—

It all comes to this: there are millionaireship and corrupting influences in the Senate, but that element is in the minority, and the greater number of leading or able senators are above suspicion. And they seem to have things pretty much all their own way. They could not if the majority in the Senate were scoundrels.

The New England men, of whom North is one, are in her eyes the salt of the institution, and North, the Conserva-

tive force in American politics, is all against intervention in Cuba. The other side of the case is put by Burleigh, who thinks that America has talked long enough of her friendship for freedom, and ought now to make good her words by a blow at oppression. But things drag on, North holding that if the President is given a free hand he "will have negotiated Spain out of America in twelve months." There is the popular outcry, but an old senator analyzes it thus for Betty:—

It is the lust of blood that possesses the United States. They don't know it. They call it sympathy; but their blood is aching for a fight, so that they can read the exciting horrors of it in the newspapers. You might as well reason with mad dogs.

Mr. Zangwill, as we shall see, has the same story to tell of another democracy. But in America the mob was stirred to fury when newsboys shrieked the destruction of the Maine. Mrs. Atherton's description of the effect upon public feeling of that intelligence is really admirable; the momentary pause, then the growing yell, headed by the press. Betty sees her chosen hero—now her avowed lover—still facing the stream, opposing to it barriers of severe logic, but hopelessly opposing; and at the last she is present in the gallery when the vote is given for war. That is the climax of the book. Betty is in despair at her inability to fly and console her lover—for North is a married man, married to a wife who has for twenty years been a crippled invalid, and honor and prudence have alike forced the lovers to keep at a wise distance. Distrusting herself she offers to marry Burleigh and go with him out west. But at the critical moment Mrs. North dies opportunely, and Betty is enabled to set out with every advantage on her career of regenerating American politics by reconciling the

political class to those fine elements in American society which have so far held angrily apart.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to dwell at much greater length on this very clever book, but one should say before quitting the subject that it gives an extraordinarily vivid picture of the American political centre, with its forces for good and bad; its charming lady lobbyist who engineers discreetly her dinner-parties in the interests of a great Trust that subsidizes her; the astounding medley in the Lower House; the overwrought, perfunctory and wholly unsocial society; its rawness, its crudity, its mixture of force and ignorance. But in the senate, if we take her view, there is a true brain-centre; an energy that devotes itself to legislation, forswears oratory, represses spasmodic enthusiasms not less severely than claptrap addressed to the gallery, and that manifests itself in a curiously unimpressive procedure. That is the theory of the senate, as North expounds it, but whether the consequences of a war entailing relations overseas and foreign complications will permit the theory to work in future is another matter. Democracy, Senator North considers, has, by its own force, thrown the Constitution out of gear, and may have to give place to other forms of government. But for our own part we are less interested in Senator North's political speculations than in Mrs. Atherton's keen observations on the emotional psychology of a highly nervous people in a time of great excitement. "They were not so excited during the Civil War," says Betty's mother, when, after the news of the Maine disaster, Betty's salon was all but turned into a bear garden.

"I suppose we have developed nerves or something."

"The mind was possessed by the grim fact during the Civil War," said

Senator Maxwell. "This is a second-rate thing that appeals to the nerves and not to the soul."

It will be seen that the scheme of Mrs. Atherton's book is very simple. She simply takes the politician as hero, and makes her heroine fall in love with him and merge all her own interests in those of her hero. The sex interest is strongly insisted on throughout the book—indeed, Mrs. Atherton has a way of stating the relations between man and woman in the simplest terms of physical attraction, which at times becomes almost embarrassing—but we see the hero through the heroine's eyes, and seeing him we share her interest in all that his life touches. The political world falls into the field of vision with his personality for a focal point; and for a final scene there is seen the sane, strong man attempting to head off the madness of a democracy, and, undefeated in his failure, prophesying the ruin of the forces which will not be directed. We see, in short, character not modified by the influences of political life, but developed in heroic proportions by collision with a political force. The task which Mr. Zangwill in his very clever book has set himself is quite different. His object is not eulogy but satire. He depicts the politician not as hero, but as the very opposite—in short, as the successful fraud. The leading figure of his book displays character not by resistance, but by a dexterous trimming of his sails; he does not oppose the popular current, but by clever manipulation adds to its forces by concentrating them, and, instead of damming back the flood, swims on the crest of the wave.

It would be the merest affectation to ignore the bitter personal reference of the satire. Mr. Bob Broser, upon whose shoulders the "mantle of Eli-

jah" falls, is what old-fashioned people called a *parvenu*, born to the possession of a large capital earned in the previous generation, and ambitious, in the first instance, for pre-eminence in his own town of Midstoke, where the blast furnaces roar with the fiery energy of Radicalism. And Elijah is Mr. Thomas Marjorimont (or Marchmont, as he spells it to save confusion to the untutored), a Radical, though born within the pale of the privileged comrade-in-arms of Bryden, "Bryden the golden-mouthed, Bryden, the Berserker of peace." In the ideals of Mr. Marchmont military glory had no place—"his first thought was for England—England at peace, clean, contented, sober, happy—a beacon to a weltering Continent." War was to him "a curse that always comes home to roost;" war meant "fifty millions on to the national debt, as well as torn men and horses disembowelled." Under these auspices Mr. Broser steps on to the scene. Marchmont goes down to Midstoke to unveil the bust of Bryden—Bryden the glory of Midstoke; it is Broser who orders the horses to be taken out of the carriage and himself is first between the shafts. Marchmont in his great speech, touching on the question of Nova Barba, execrates the red herring of foreign complications dragged across the path of domestic reform; he testifies of peace, "warships replaced by merchantmen, the glory of war by the service of humanity, its cost expended on the education of the people, the spider spinning its web across the cannon's mouth." And Mr. Broser, rising in the hush that follows the great speech, almost atones for the strident vulgarity of his opening, almost endears himself to Marchmont's beautiful and poetic daughter, Allegra, by the real fervor of the enthusiasm with which he claims in public the privilege to kiss the hem of Elijah's mantle, and by the boldness, the ringing brazen

note, of his protest against corruption of the rich and oppression of the poor. Such is Mr. Broser's *début*, and he lives up to it. Clinging to the hem of the mantle, first as Marchmont's unpaid secretary, then as member of parliament returned alongside of his chief, he trumpets blatant Radicalism in the House, denouncing the expenses of the Royal Family. When the Nova Barbese war comes, against which Marchmont had protested till the country rang with denunciations of Elijah as the "Prophet of Petty Cash," it is Broser who joins the besieged household while the mob are wrecking Marchmont's windows; and when along with the news of victory comes the announcement that Marchmont's son, a soldier against his father's will, has fallen, it is Broser who comforts Allegra and clasps hands with her in a solemn compact to make an end of war.

At this point we are in the region of sheer fancy, and frankly we do not like Mr. Zangwill's invention. A very disagreeable scene rids Mr. Broser of his wife. Shortly afterwards Mr. Marchmont is by a sudden disaster hoisted irretrievably into the House of Lords; Elijah is removed from the arena of prophesying, and the mantle must fall on somebody's shoulders. Marchmont has no hesitation in naming Broser as his successor; the aspirant, disembarassed of his plebeian spouse, goes to Allegra with her father's sanction as a suitor for her hand, and she, rapt with political idealism, accepts him. But, in the meanwhile, a change has been passing over Midstoke. It is no longer popular there to prophesy of peace, and Mr. Broser is of Midstoke body and soul. If Midstoke will not follow where he leads, then he will lead where Midstoke will follow. But a certain time is needed for the change, and the interval supposed to elapse after Allegra's marriage affords space

for the necessary evolution. When the story is resumed, war with Nova Barba is again imminent. Sir Donald Bagnell the great company promoter, has schemes of annexation; he has acquired organs in the press, and a new virus swells in John Bull's veins:—

He itches for a second Nova Barbese war, to repair his magnanimity in not having annexed the whole country after the first. Ah, the mob! It is a barrel-organ into which any air may be inserted. What tunes have I not heard it grinding out in Italy, in Germany and France, unconscious of the politician turning the handle! Bagnell has made Britain resound with martial melodies.

The speaker is Raphael Dominick, poet and philosopher, who comes into the blank of Allegra's disillusioned existence. He is the person created to be the mouthpiece of Mr. Zangwill's sentiments concerning the change in England's national temper, and concerning the man who, in his opinion, incarnates that change. It is he who explains to Allegra the philosophy of the process by which the transformation had been effected under her very eyes, and yet without a moment at which she could make a stand and say: "Here you become a renegade."

"The Greek sophists used to ask when was a heap a heap? They added pebble to pebble till you said it was a heap, then they took the last pebble away, and asked you to explain why it had ceased to be a heap. The change in your husband was subtle, gradual. There was no moment in which you could cry convincingly 'Soros!' Every time that you remonstrated he said that you didn't understand the world, that in politics you had to give a little in order to get more—that the line of advance was up a spiral staircase."

As he spoke Allegra's mind was taking a bird's-eye view of her husband's political career, so prematurely successful in the face of so many ob-

stacles. How apt that sophistic image! At no moment had Broser deserted his principles. Never in her frequent passionate protests had she been able to outface his skilled repartee. And yet here he was at his own antipodes on the political globe. Broser would have said that the globe revolved, not he.

There he is, at all events, the champion now of the aristocracy, although the aristocracy as embodied in Allegra's aunt, the Duchess of Dalesbury, will not admit the fact. When Allegra presses the point, the duchess only shifts her ear-trumpet; and Broser is definitely engaged now in engineering preparations for the war in concert with Bagnell:—

"On what protest?" (Allegra asks him).

"Protests we have always with us—like the poor."

"Yes, poor protests—the wolf's to the lamb."

"Not at all. We don't desire to eat 'em; only to civilize 'em."

"To shear 'em, you mean."

He shrugged his shoulders. "They're dirty, and too lazy to develop their own country. The dark places of the earth must be lit up."

"That the electric light companies may make a profit."

"Why not? If I add Nova Barba to the Empire I shall ultimately become premier."

"Granted; but all the same it is the march of civilization."

One is bound to admit that Mr. Broser's logic is a logic that the press and platform have rendered extremely familiar to us. The gospel of strenuousness, which has been so unceasingly preached is at times difficult to distinguish from the gospel of grab, although, as Mr. Zangwill has the insight to discern, it may be preached in perfect sincerity:—

John Bull, on his island, never sees the people he oppresses or the cam-

paign he conducts. It all comes to him idealized, almost as art. He truly believes he is spreading righteousness, and the best, nay, the only possible Constitution. Hence an unjust war produces as great a moral glow as a just, much as a false coin does the work of a true one, so long as everybody is taken in.

And Mr. Broser is John Bull for good as well as bad—Raphael Dominick admits that:—

I catch curious twists in him, yearnings to do big things for the masses, for the Empire, if Nature has given him a thick skin it is because she intends him for tough work.

What is the conclusion? Mr. Zangwill has been reading Nietzsche, and is inclined to believe that success is to the "blond beast," the "Beyond-man" who transcends sentimental weaknesses. To the plea that war "reacts for good on the temper of the race," Allegra may answer that these arguments "put forward the compensations of a righteous war as the reasons for a wicked war." But is it proved that an unrighteous war will not in the end profit the race that makes it? The Englishman salves his conscience more and more with the plea that every extension of our Empire is for the good of humanity—and is there not some truth in Mr. Zangwill's summing up of the "new England"?

"England needs a war," Broser retorted obstinately. "A woman cannot feel that we have all grown womanish. We are stagnant, infected with literary and artistic corruptions. The national fibre needs renewing. A war will shake up all classes."

"And shake you up to the top."

"Somebody has got to be at the top. Can you name anybody stronger?"

Allegra was silent. She felt his was the voice of the new England; not of

the new England as he had hastily mis-conceived it in his first gropings, taking for the onward flood a backwash of the eighteenth-century optimism, but of the new England generated by the throbbing screws and pistons of the age of machinery, emerging through an exotic green-sickness of Socialistic sentimentalism to a native gospel of strenuousness and slang, welcome to the primordial brute latent underneath the nebulous spiritual gains of civilization. Broser's was this dynamic energy, this acceptance of brute facts, this cockney manliness, this disdain of subtleties, this pagan joy of life; it had underlain his championship of the poor, and was honestly available in the service of the rich.

No one who has lived in London for the last two years will fail to recognize how completely Mr. Zangwill has expressed the feelings bred in many minds by the debauch of martial and patriotic sentiment, by the manifestations of that "jolly music-hall public," with whom Broser was as popular as the great Vance; by the drunken and indecent orgies which did duty for national rejoicings when the Volunteers returned to the City; by the brutal craving for details of carnage, the ungenerous exultation over a defeated enemy, the dishonorable imputations of dishonor, and, most of all, by the temper which condones all this effervescence of unwholesome gases in the hope that the public in this enthusiasm for war

will cheerfully foot the biggest bill. The book undoubtedly makes us feel more than ever that the Jew is an alien, exempt by his birth from the national ardors and fallings. In the sketch of Broser's career, owing to the violent prejudices of Mr. Zangwill, it is true that fictitious politics have often usurped the place of political fiction. But there is no mistaking the quality and the penetration of the author's satire, and one may regret the more that he has alloyed his clean steel with baser metal. A love story is no doubt essential in a novel. But there are many scenes in the book where the satirist does not play fair, and they are the things which mar it. When Allegra's husband and her would-be lover quarrel in her presence, the husband's vulgarity seems almost gentlemanlike beside the intolerable things which Raphael Dominick is made to say and do; and in the concluding chapter, the art of the satirist confounds itself in details that might have been gleaned from the account of a social function in one of the inferior "society" papers.

Political satire is legitimate and sometimes salutary; the satire which involves a *suggestio falsi* is bad both in art and morals. This consideration tempers our admiration of Mr. Zangwill, but it cannot hinder us from seeing that he has made a remarkable contribution in a somewhat sparsely occupied province of our literature.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ANNE.

(Concluded.)

III.

"You have rescued me from the bottomless pit of despair," Lyndhurst had said to me when about two o'clock in the morning he brought Anne in from painting her that first night in the garden, "but for you I might have died without consummating the supreme evolution of my art soul. To show you that I recognize my debt, when I have hewn my way through the Wood of Fantasy and set this enchanted fancy free, I will paint you."

"No, no," I protested, "that would be too much."

"Nothing could be too much," he said fervently, "for such a service as you have rendered me. Say nothing more, dear old man, for I will gladly make the sacrifice. You are extraordinarily plain—but—" here he scathed my face with eyes I did not recognize—"in a dinner coat and glasses it will be a *tour de force*," he said dreamily, "the one man's portrait I have ever painted—I will call it 'Guy Lyndhurst's Salvation.'"

I was charmed to think I was his Salvation, but, as I have already said, though vulgar, I am human, and it had just struck three. I suggested Anne might be tired and we had better go to bed.

"Bed!" cried Lyndhurst.

"Tired!" cried Anne.

The words were twain, but the spirit which animated the voice and transfigured the face of both was one.

"Bed on such a night is sacrilege!" said Lyndhurst.

"I feel as if I should never want to sleep again!" said Anne.

"I could stand paint forever!" cried the two.

I looked at the pair of them with awe, then ventured to call their attention to the spread table and invited them both to have something to eat.

"Eat!" exclaimed Anne, as if supper were the greatest crime on earth.

"Philistine!" exclaimed Lyndhurst, then his glance wavered and his face changed. "I am a supreme egotist," he said turning to Anne in his graceful way, "but your brother is right. The moon has stolen the roses from your face. Go you to bed. I meanwhile will draw inspiration from the restless spirit of the night."

I don't know exactly what Lyndhurst understood by "the restless spirit of the night," but if he meant game pie and whiskey I should say his inspiration must have been a peculiarly satisfying one. When Anne had gone he came and sat down, and with my assistance as butler managed to make a thoroughly good meal.

"It has been a glorious experience," he said to me as the clock was striking four, "but even I am human. The excitement of conception has exhausted me. But what of that! It will be my masterpiece, dear old man, and to think the world will owe it to you! When you have quite finished eating your supper (what I'd give for a digestion like yours!) you might bring in the easel. I really feel terribly exhausted, but—" here his eyes blazed so that the whole of his white face lay as it were in shadow—"but—in the service of Art, if I die for it, I will turn night into day!"

He did; so did Anne. And so, for that matter, did the whole of Anne's family. That was the most odious week I can ever remember. What with the late hours, and the cross servants, and Lyndhurst in bed all day long, and

Anne "doing her duty" with a face like a corpse, and my mother dropping off to sleep at meals, and Chloe away!

I always hated it when Chloe was away, but when on Thursday afternoon she biked up the drive unexpectedly with half-a-dozen unfortunate young men behind her, I felt I had never yet properly appreciated her; in spite of which fact I wished her a thousand miles away before the evening of her return was half over.

Chloe bundling our mother off to lie down in a perfect whirlwind of kisses, Chloe berating me in choicest slang, Chloe tearing all over the house with every dog in the place at her heels and filling the rooms with sweet girlish laughter and sunshine was a thing to thank God for. But Chloe in a marvelous red frock, saucily pretending to smoke a gold-tipped cigarette and daintily making a resting-place of the pug's fat back for a scarlet be-paste-buckled shoe, while Teddy Marsden (Chloe consolatrice!) sat spellbound at her side, and Lyndhurst on the opposite side of the room watched her with half-closed eyes!

Twice I saw Anne's white gown flit past the open window, twice I saw Anne's white face silhouetted against the darkness, when I got up and went into the garden.

"Aren't you coming," I said as I passed Lyndhurst.

"There's no hurry," he said, absently.

"You come, Chloe," I said.

Chloe shook her head.

For the first time in my life Chloe's laughter jarred on me as it followed me across the lawn. In the shadow by the cedar tree stood my sister Anne.

"Why don't you come in, dear?" I said, laying my hand on her shoulder.

Anne turned and looked at me. In the moonlight her blue eyes seemed the only living things in a mask of stone.

"Did Chloe send you to ask?" she said.

"Chloe happens to have a tongue of her own," I replied. With the best intentions in the world I can never help getting irritable with Anne. "What's the idea of standing out here all night? Come on, I want you to come in."

"Does that mean that Chloe wants to come out?" said Anne.

It was our conversation of a month before over again, with this difference, that I found myself siding with Anne.

"Oh, leave Chloe out of it," I cried. "What's it got to do with her? The dew's falling, and it's getting late, and we're all tired out. Come along in."

"In order that Chloe may go to bed?" said Anne.

I shrugged my shoulders, turned on my heel and left her, for it was obvious I could do no good by staying. Mooned about the kitchen garden and counted the apricots—mooned down to the stables and talked over the situation with the gees—finally mooned back to the house, arriving just in time to see Teddy Marsden's cart-wheels tearing down the drive, and Lyndhurst crossing the lawn in the direction of Anne.

For a moment I hesitated. Should I give way to primitive instinct and "land him one in the eye," or should I take him by the arm, and, with the cabbages as witnesses, enquire as to his "intentions." But I didn't hesitate long. After all, what business was it of mine? I had never interfered with the girls on principle; from the time they were out of the nursery they had always been left free to go their own way, and all said and done, Anne was twenty-five, and well able to take care of herself. Meantime, I went in, to find Chloe sitting on the floor dividing her attention between the pug and a macaroon.

"Where's mother?" I said shortly. I was not pleased with Chloe.

"Gone to bed, poor darling. I have"—Chloe's shoulders shook delicately—"I have sent her up the shawl and the hot water-bottle."

"Then why don't you go, too?" I said severely.

Chloe looked up at me with immense dignity.

"I am playing propriety."

For the life of me I couldn't help smiling. She looked such a child with her plate of cakes and the wheezing old pug, and yet—in some extraordinary way she reminded me of Anne—Anne who had stood waiting outside in the shadow while . . .

"Chloe," I said abruptly, "where's Ted?"

Chloe carefully turned the plate of macaroons upside down over the pug's head and got up.

"Gone home."

"And where's Lyndhurst?" Was it the red reflection from her dress, or did she blush. "Where's Lyndhurst?" I repeated impatiently. The corners of Chloe's mouth went up.

"I suggested that he should go and see if Anne wouldn't like a hot water-bottle, too."

When Chloe, under a pledge of solemn secrecy, had imparted to me the astounding fact that Anne stood for Lyndhurst in sandalled feet and no stockings on, I had roared with laughter; but as she spoke, Anne, standing with unstockinged feet in the falling dew awaiting the good pleasure of Lyndhurst to come out and paint her, suddenly seemed to me the most monstrously undignified thing in the world.

"It's a pity Anne's feet are so large," said Chloe, pensively, "under the circumstances—"

"Look here," I said savagely, "this is no laughing matter. I've been a perfect ass in not putting an end to it long ago. As for Anne, she's old enough to know better. As for Lyndhurst, he shall account to me if I find he's been

making a fool of Anne; as for you—you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Chloe lifted her delicate eyebrows.

"Because my brother's a perfect ass, or because my sister's old enough to know better?" she said sweetly.

"Because you don't play fair!" I shouted.

The uplifting innocence of Chloe's eyes was positively surprising.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean," I cried. "You've got as many lovers as there are leaves on a tree. Anne has only got one. If you take that one away, you're not playing fair. I presume that you don't call it playing fair to steal your own sister's lover," I added, with tremendous sarcasm.

Two little dimples suddenly began furtively dancing at the corners of Chloe's mouth.

"But supposing that's the only one I want?"

"Want!" I cried disgustedly. "Want for what? In order to spite Anne, or in order to refuse him to gratify your abominable vanity?"

"On the contrary," said Chloe sweetly, "in order to accept him."

"Then," I said, "understand me—and I'm serious, too. You're my sister, and, bar one, the person I love best on earth, but if you do this damnable thing I'll never speak to you again as long as I live. The day you marry Lyndhurst you will be as dead to me as if you were in your coffin and buried in your grave."

For a moment there was absolute silence; then Chloe walked over to my mother's little table by the fireplace, picked up my mother's white ivory prayer-book that always lay there, called the pug and went towards the door.

"Where are you going?" I said, catching her by the sleeve as she passed me.

"What is it you're going to do?"

"Read up the Burial Service," said

Chloe, and with the dog under one arm and the prayer-book under the other she marched solemnly out of the room.

I was still standing staring blankly after her when the door opened and Lyndhurst came in, leaving the door wide open behind him—(has any one, I wonder, ever seen Lyndhurst shut a door?)—advanced into the middle of the room, and stood with his hand up—listening—with a look on his face I had never seen before.

"Where is my sister, Lyndhurst?" I began, when he interrupted me.

"Hush," he said intensely; "listen!"

I listened so intently I gasped for breath.

"What is it?" I whispered, my brain in a whirl of burglars behind bushes, and how far Lyndhurst might be depended on with a gun. "What is it you hear?"

"The moon shining," said Lyndhurst, as if he were announcing the Day of Judgment.

I am not given to strong language, but for the second time that evening I swore. "The moon be d—," I cried, stamping my foot with irritation. "Where's my sister Anne?"

"Alas!" said Lyndhurst, "for the eternal warfare of body and soul!" He crossed over to a side table where there were some glasses and a basket of cake, picked out the largest slice, and sighed again. "For once the spirit was vanquished! *que voulez vous!* one is only human—so your sister came in to bed." He delicately picked off the almond icing from another slice of cake.

"Does that mean that she got tired of standing for you?" I inquired.

"Mine be the blame," said Lyndhurst; "it was I got tired of painting her."

I watched him with interest circumventing the preserved cherries which had imagined themselves safe at the bottom of the dish.

"Did you mention that interesting fact to Anne?" I inquired politely.

"Do you take me for a *bourgeois*," exclaimed Lyndhurst, "that I should fear to speak the truth? Truth!" he cried, rapidly removing the stoppers from the decanters and smelling them in turn. "Golden-eyed goddess, dreaded by the Phillistine! worshipped of the Elect! give me truth—truth!" He poured out a wineglass of brandy, and drank it down—neat. "Truth," he repeated, and turned to the decanter again; "give me truth!"

"Being but a simple Phillistine myself," I remarked, "I fear I can only offer you its symbol—a bedroom candlestick and a match."

"Great heavens!" cried Lyndhurst, following me out into the hall with a slice of cake in one hand and a glass of brandy in the other, "do you mean to tell me you are going to bed?"

I lighted the two candles and handed him one.

"My one desire at present is never to get out of it again."

"Oh, Civilization!" exclaimed Lyndhurst, "that gives us a grocer's dip, and shuts out God's handiwork, the moon. May you be accursed!"

"By all means," said I, going towards the hall-door (which he had also left open), "provided I get some sleep. The first night this week I shall be in bed before three."

"Bed!" said Lyndhurst; "*bed!*" He seized the candle he held, and hurled it over my shoulder into the night. "Oh, accursed Civilization, that makes a housemaid of what God intended to be a man!"

In the pregnant pause that ensued I bolted the door and reminded myself strongly that he was my guest.

"To-morrow," said Lyndhurst suddenly, "to-morrow I leave Europe and go to the East."

"The East?" I repeated feebly. Lyndhurst's methods are a trifle surprising at times, even when you're used to them.

"The East," he said. "That's the only place in this worn-out world for a restless soul like me. Here it's all stagnation, restriction, darkness. There it's all virility, freedom, sun! No doors to bolt out the night, no curtains to shut out the light, no conventions, no civilization, no *beds*!" He threw his arm round my shoulder and looked at me radiantly. "Don't bother me to stay, dear old man, I really can't. You've done your best, but you must see that the place is impossible," he shook his head picturesquely, "impossible! I wouldn't mind for myself, you understand, but it's the work. I need light, air, color, new types, new inspiration, the silence of the desert, the mystery of clouds shadowing themselves on sand—" He stopped abruptly. "What is that excellent express you were talking about the other day?"

"It leaves Norden Junction at 5.15," I replied promptly. There are times when I thoroughly believe in speeding the parting guest.

"5.15," repeated Lyndhurst. "So be it, 5.15. Let me see, what's to-day? Friday? Ah, then, by Wednesday. . . . But I am keeping you up. You won't come for a turn in this exquisite rose-entangled night air. No? Then, 'To your tents! oh Israel!'" He caught up the candlestick on the table (my candlestick) and ran upstairs like a boy. "And to-morrow," he called out at the top of his voice, leaning over the balustrade, "to-morrow, dear old man, while I bid farewell to charming memories, you shall look me up the Phillistine trains."

He waved his hand to me graciously and disappeared, leaving me in darkness and a state of utter mystification, which was not lessened when on getting into bed I discovered a piece of paper pinned to my pillow. On it in Chloe's handwriting was printed,

"GUY LYNDHURST'S D—nation!"

Below it was the picture of an ass.

IV.

When I came down the next morning, having overslept myself by a good two hours, the wagonette was at the door, and my mother and Anne in festive attire were waiting in the hall. In the midst of my mother's involved explanations concerning my breakfast, my health and a forgotten picnic some ten miles away, Lyndhurst joined us (in spotless white flannels and one of the rarest orchids we possessed in his coat) and immediately fell into rapturous exclamations over the appearance of Anne, who for that matter was dressed as though she were on terms of intimate acquaintance with the rag-bag, and, in my opinion, looked extremely ill.

"Not well?" exclaimed Lyndhurst, as though I'd been accusing Anne of some deadly crime, "why—she's simply perfect! Look at that exquisite pallor! That stimulating shadow outlining the eyes, and you say she's not looking well!"

"I was not alluding to my sister's personal appearance," I remarked drily, "I was speaking of her health."

"An inspiration," murmured Lyndhurst. "The most subtle thing in art. A new type evolving itself out of the old! I've been looking for it for years. Put off this party and sit to me, to the salvation of my soul!"

"Souls at this time o' day!" cried a gay voice. I turned round and there was Chloe—Chloe all white frills and furbelows, with a wondrous hat all nodding over with white feathers, and a wonderful white sunshade in her hand with an enormous red cock crowing at the top. Timothy the pug waddled wheezing beside her. Round his neck was a huge crape bow.

"The other side of the mask!" cried Lyndhurst, looking from Anne to Chloe, and from Chloe back to Anne. "Tragedy and Comedy! Why did I

never think of it before. I will paint you both together."

"And call it Guy Lyndhurst's Justification," said Chloe, her eyes sparkling up at him under her great white hat.

Lyndhurst bent towards her.

"Guy Lyndhurst's Consummation," said he softly.

They stood lost in each other's gaze, as handsome a pair as you might want to meet. I could have banged their heads together with pleasure.

"Chloe," I said loudly, "if you're going, you'd better go."

Chloe started—she would have made a fortune as an actress, would Chloe—turned, rustled over to me, and held up her face to be kissed.

"Darling," she said artlessly, "are you there? and I didn't notice you before! *Good morning. Not going to the picnic? Oh, do come, it won't be half such fun without you. Please.*" She held out her hand to me to button her glove. "*Thanks!*" as Lyndhurst came forward and she held out the other.

"When you've quite finished," said Anne from the wagonette.

"Chloe darling," said my mother, "what on earth has Timothy got round his neck?"

Chloe looked up at me.

"Timothy's a twentieth century bow-wow, Mummy mine, although he happens to have a first century name. A most subtle little bow-wow is Timothy, he goes into mourning before the person is dead."

She bestowed a kiss on the subtle and panting Timothy and got into the wagonette.

"Remember," I said to her quietly, under cover of pulling the dust rug over her dress.

Chloe beamed down on me, then looked under her lashes at Lyndhurst who sat at her side.

"I will borrow Mr. Lyndhurst's mem-

ory," she said sweetly, "it's such a good one. Then I shall be sure not to forget."

"Are we going to sit here all night?" said Anne.

"Let 'em go, Simpson," I cried, standing back.

The horses threw up their heads, the gravel crunched, the man sprang up. As they went down the drive Chloe interposed her sunshade between the three others and her, leaned over the back of the carriage, waved her hand, and (hopeless little vulgarian as she is) solemnly winked, which so restored my confidence that I accompanied Timothy into the dining-room to find breakfast and the paper awaiting me—not to mention a bunch of thistles artistically arranged in the middle of my plate.

I was still pondering on the connection of comedy and thistles and tragedy and winks when the library door was flung open and Chloe rushed in—Chloe all blushes and dimples and tremulous smiles—followed by Anne—Anne with a beautiful color staining her cheeks and an exquisite tenderness shining in her blue eyes.

"Back already?" I cried staring at the pair of them with all my eyes, "why, it can't be more than three!"

"Three—why, it's half past six!"

Chloe's laughter was the recognized pride of the family, but as I listened I thought Anne's merriment the prettiest sound I had ever heard.

"You've been asleep, dearest," said Chloe.

"You must be tired out, darling," cooed Anne.

The picnic was adorable, the weather delightful, the drive delicious, the sunset divine. They had never been to anything so perfect, so heavenly, and here was mother, and what wretches they were, they'd forgotten to order her tea! They flew to the bells and rang them simultaneously while I sat up and

rubbed my eyes and marvelled at the ways of women.

"Tea? Toast? Cream? Cake? "

The pair of them circled round my mother like butterflies round a flower. Then suddenly they sat down and began pulling at their gloves. Chloe was first and I jumped to my feet. An enormous hoop of diamonds flashed and sparkled on the third finger of her left hand.

"Chloe," I thundered, "what's that?"

Chloe flushed, paled, then the corners of her mouth went down.

"Anne . . . darling . . . I know you won't mind, I am engaged to—*Ted!*"

Anne held out her hand. There was a ring in the shape of a sunflower (oh, ye gods and little fishes!) on her thumb.

"And I," she said, "have dedicated my life to Guy."

There was an instant's silence, then my mother (all the motherhood of the world seemed suddenly to have come into her beautiful old face) gave a happy little gasp and held out her arms.

I suddenly felt very large and awkward and hopelessly in the way, so I stole out into the garden with Timothy and left the three of them kissing and crying and clinging together.

"*Idiot!*" said Chloe, hugging me breathlessly five minutes later. "*Idiot!* it was *always* Ted. Even in the old days when he fancied himself in love with Anne."

"Did you say *fancied*, my dear?" I inquired.

"Fancied," said Chloe stoutly. "Ted says he fell in love with Anne because of her likeness to me."

As I was reflecting on the mendacity of men in general and of Teddy Marsden in particular, a thought struck me.

"Chloe," said I, "tell what happened. Did Lyndhurst ever propose to y—"

"A telegram for you, sir," said a voice at my elbow.

I opened it and my heart sank.

"Ah," cried Chloe, shading her eyes,

"there's Ted coming up the drive. What's the wire?"

I handed her the piece of paper in silence.

"Oh, Anne! Anne!" cried Chloe, dropped into a chair and burst into tears.

For the first time in his life Lyndhurst had kept his word. He had gone up to town, en route for the East, by the Phillistine but excellent express which leaves Norden Junction at 5.15.

V.

That all happened five years ago.

The first six months of Anne's "dedicated life" she spent in writing telegrams ("*reply paid*," Chloe said, but Chloe is not always reliable) and embroidering a complicated design of sunflowers on a white satin gown; the second in writing letters and standing at the window waiting for an answer to them; the third in sitting upstairs in her bedroom and sending down word that she was not hungry at meals. The fourth she spent with a relation whose husband was attached to the Embassy in Berlin, and when she came home for a flying visit, the postal arrangements in Persia had apparently ceased to interest her, and we were given to understand that Anne's life of dedication was over.

After which she ordered my mother to throw open the house in town, and when the sunflowers were thinking it was about time to get up again, Anne whirled home from the Continent in her new character of the rage of Homberg, and the acknowledged beauty of the London season.

"Bless us and save us!" exclaimed that virtuous British matron, Chloe, "talk about *me!*"

Talk about Chloe, indeed! If her admirers had been as the pebbles in the pool, Anne's slaves outnumbered the sands of the sea. Young and old, rich

and poor, each and all proposed to Anne, and, like Chloe, in the days of her youth, Anne sent each and all away, with the one difference, that whereas Chloe had cried, Anne laughed when she refused them.

Anne's laughter indeed it seemed was one of her greatest charms.

"It reminds me," said One of Them sadly to Chloe, "of falling water."

"Iced," said that astute young person. I heard afterwards the Sad One called Chloe a little cat, but she was right all the same.

"Do you think she remembers him?" I asked Chloe, one morning.

"Dear imbecile," said Chloe sweetly, "do you think a woman like Anne will ever forget?"

"Then there's no chance for poor old Neville?" I inquired. (Neville was the suitor secretly favored by us.)

"Humph!" she said judiciously, "I wouldn't say that."

"Then what's the poor chap to do?" said I.

"Wait till Lyndhurst comes back."

"But supposing he doesn't come back," I cried, "what's poor old Neville to do then?"

Chloe picked up the wool and dropped her sock. "Wait till Anne lets somebody else paint her," she said.

There's no doubt about it, Chloe's tremendously clever. I had known but never noticed that though Anne accepted their dedications and their verses and their designs for hats and gowns, she invariably stopped short at that. "I'll wait till I find somebody who can do me justice," she used to say in her proud way.

"Wait till he comes back." Oddly enough I was transmitting the wisdom of Chloe to the wretched Neville at an At Home a week later, whither I had gone for the sole purpose of witnessing the edifying spectacle of Chloe chaperoning Anne, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and who should answer

Neville's despairing "But when will that be?" but Lyndhurst's voice addressing me as "dear old man."

Lyndhurst immaculate, melancholy, as picturesque as ever, not changed a bit but that he was a trifle bronzed, and had a fascinating suspicion of gray about his hair.

While Neville with a good deal of *empressement* offered to go and find out if there was a place where one could smoke, Lyndhurst very kindly told me I had aged considerably, and that his eastern sketches had been sold before he landed at the rate of about £150 the square inch. Incidentally he inquired after the well-being of my delightful old father.

"My memory is atrocious," he said, "but I shall always remember him. *Ce bon vieillard à barbe blanche*," he lost himself in a retrospective enthusiasm for the white beard of my good old father, then (he had taken my chair), looked up at me again. "And surely there were others, too?"

"Even so," I replied, "two others."

"Twin brothers"—he waved his hand impatiently—"suis-je bête, that was another family,"—he smiled at me radiantly—"of course! I remember perfectly, they were sisters."

"Oddly enough," I remarked, "they were sisters."

"Of course," said Lyndhurst with profound satisfaction, "there was a little one in red with a curious name," his brows contracted, "what was it again? Plantations—tropical flowers—Jamaican moons!" I watched him curiously, wondering if he could possibly for once be genuine. "I have it," he cried, "Chloe! of course, Chloe. What has become of Chloe?"

"She is married and has one child."

"A pity," murmured Lyndhurst. "Marriage is so horribly unpicturesque." He frowned contemplatively at the matrimonial state, then looked up at me again.

"And the other," he said indifferently, "the one whose name I have forgotten." He stopped abruptly and looked across at a corner of the room where some dozen men were gathered together. "What exquisite laughter; like water falling from a height!" As he spoke the little crowd parted to let a newcomer through, and we saw Anne—Anne lying back in her chair idly accepting the eager homage of some of the first men of our day—Anne, proud, insolent, beautiful, in a wonderful white gown with loops of diamonds in her hair.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" said Lyndhurst, under his breath. "Who is that?"

"That," I replied blandly, "is the one whose name you have forgotten—my sister Anne."

When Neville returned five minutes later with the desired information, three things were vouchsafed to him. First, the satisfaction of beholding Lyndhurst (the crowd having retired) in a picturesque attitude engrossing the attention of Anne; second, the joy of exchanging smiles with his divinity, as she ordered me to ratify her command to Lyndhurst to come and stay the week following in order that she might have her portrait done; third, the rapture of watching Anne's graceful back as she swept down to supper on Lyndhurst's arm.

"What does it mean?" I asked Chloe, who was secreted behind a curtain eating strawberry ice and flirting outrageously with Ted. "In heaven's name what does it mean?"

"Hot water-bottles," said that excellent chaperon, finishing her ice.

"Oh, for heaven's sake be serious!" I exclaimed. "This is no laughing matter. Anne's asked him down to stay! What does it mean?"

"It means," said Chloe, making eyes at her infatuated man, "that somebody is going to be made a fool of, and unless I'm greatly mistaken the fool will

not be Anne. Teddy, my love, I'll trouble you for another strawberry ice."

I left the pair of them fooling together and went to induce Neville to come downstairs and drown his sorrows in drink.

VI.

Truly, as Lyndhurst says, the end is only another name for the beginning. In this case you could not have told the one from the other, they were both so exactly the same.

Portraits of Anne in every room, changes of prearranged plans from hour to hour, cross servants, delayed meals, all the delights of five years gone by. "I don't see any difference," said my mother anxiously to Chloe, who was over for the day. "It's exactly the same things as it was before. Are you sure it's all right?"

"Quite sure," responded the Infallible One, patting the tremulous old hand. "It's the same thing—with a difference. Teddy, my son, go and take 'Gam-Gam' for a walk."

Great is the wisdom of Chloe. As the days went by I did begin to see that there was a difference after all.

It is true there were portraits of Anne all over the house, but this time it was not Lyndhurst but Anne who "chased the passing mood" from room to room; it was Anne who to-day would be painted as Diana and to-morrow as Cleopatra (Lyndhurst was nearly driven mad with her insistence on his giving her recognized authority for the correctness of every detail), and the next day as a simple peasant girl feeding pigs.

It was also Anne who made Lyndhurst get up at five o'clock in the morning and wait for her in the garden in order to paint her as "Dawn." She did that three times running and came down herself about ten, after a sub-

stantial breakfast in bed, and on Lyndhurst, haggard, unshaven, and chilled to the bone, humbly protesting, gave him a radiant smile and a cup of cold coffee, merely saying, "*Que voulez vous!* My memory is so atrocious, I forgot." Moreover, at lunch it was Anne who ate steadily through seven courses and talked "color," and Lyndhurst who dalled miserably with eggs and spinach with horrible variations of mulberries and cream. Finally, it was Lyndhurst who was in earnest and Anne who (to borrow Chloe's expression) was playing the fool.

Yes—incredible as it may appear—as the game played itself out—Lyndhurst changed. One by one his affections dropped from him; one by one his absurdities disappeared. There was no doubt about it, in his own fashion—to his utmost limitation—he was sincere in his love for Anne.

As a consequence—his work—which, superlatively clever as it was, had always had in it a flare of something insincere—his work gained breadth and nobility. From the moment when Anne came downstairs in the white satin gown she had embroidered with sunflowers in the first days of her life "dedicated to Guy," and finally announced that thus—and thus only should Lyndhurst immortalize her for the benefit of posterity—from that day Lyndhurst became a new man.

Day after day—hour after hour—the two would spend in the little morning room—(the Room of Memory as Chloe called it) Anne standing—Lyndhurst painting—and my mother nodding over her knitting. They didn't speak—they didn't move—the place might have been the grave but for the desultory click of my mother's needles, and the fitful cracking of the wood fire.

From time to time Lyndhurst would pause, step back and look across at Anne. "Sure you're not tired?"

"Go on—I shan't be tired till it's

done," Anne would answer, and in silence Lyndhurst would fall to again.

"Only another week," he said, when I expostulated with him—"don't mind me—I'm all right if only I'm not tiring her. No—I don't want dinner—I'm not hungry—a sandwich then if you like—only for God's sake let me be. Don't you understand the thing's like a consuming fire! I'm all right. Give me another week—and—and—for God's sake, let me be."

"It's all very fine for you," Chloe once said to Anne, who had just come in from a drive and was enjoying her afternoon tea—"you sleep and eat and go out in the fresh air—but that poor wretch is on the strain from morning till night. He doesn't eat—he doesn't sleep—he looks simply ghastly, and when I shook hands with him just now, it was like touching a red hot coal."

"Genius is always feverish," said Anne calmly. "Mother dear, can you reach the cake?"

"Well, it's no business of mine," said Chloe, "but I'm glad it's you who are responsible—not me."

"I wish you wouldn't say *me*," said Anne, gathering up her things.

"What does it mean?" I asked Chloe, when Anne had gone.

A shadow fell on Chloe's happy face. "It means," she said a little sadly, "that Anne was even more hurt than I thought. Of course he deserves all he gets—and yet—Oh, did you ever see anything like Anne," she cried enthusiastically, "in that sable coat and that Gainsborough hat? If he only does her half justice it will be she who will immortalize him—and not he who will immortalize her."

Which was exactly what the President of the Royal Academy said in his courtly way a week later when Anne commanded the presence of some half-dozen slaves (amongst whom the two finest judges of painting in Europe of

our day) at lunch to celebrate the picture being done. "You were quite right. None of us could have done you justice," he said. "You did well to wait."

"Yes," said Anne, looking at Lyndhurst, who stood apart like one in a dream—"I did well to wait."

"For once the oracles are agreed," I said to Lyndhurst, when the whole lot of them had been got rid of and we were alone again. "They say you're Romney come back again to life."

"Magpies," said Lyndhurst carelessly—"let 'em talk."

"Romney," said Anne flushing, "did they say that?"

"Here be Immortalities indeed!" cried Chloe, flourishing her muff—then the corners of her mouth went down. "Hasn't it got a name yet? Then let's have a private christening. I'll stand godmother," she peeped saucily over her muff at Anne, "'Guy Lyndhurst's Beatification!'"

"No," said Anne, and I thought I had never seen anything so lovely as her look—"Guy Lyndhurst's Compensation."

"What on earth does it mean?" I asked Chloe for the last time as I was seeing her off.

"It means that Anne's going to marry Neville," said Chloe shortly, "and I'm idiot enough to be sorry for him."

When I went back to the morning room, Anne was standing by the picture pulling off the petals of a sunflower and dropping them on the floor one by one.

"But I want the picture for my very own," she was saying as I came in.

"It is yours," said Lyndhurst, as simply as if he'd been handing her a spoon.

Anne shook her head gaily. "No! It must be a base business transaction—a matter of pounds, shillings and pence."

"Money," said Lyndhurst, "between you and me!"

"It is my whim," said Anne, and dropped the sunflower shorn of all its glory in the fire.

Lyndhurst hesitated an instant, then threw back his head and laughed. "It is for you to name the price."

Anne drew out a little old-fashioned netted purse. "I am not very rich," she said, running the rings apart. "At one time of my life I was horribly extravagant, so I've had to be very economical ever since," she laughed enchantingly, and Lyndhurst's face quickened at the sound. "Still, as I've sat to you so often"—she poured the money on to the table and laughed again—"I will give you all I have—but I'm afraid there's not very much left."

"If there were none," said Lyndhurst with sudden passion—"It would still be more than my desert."

"You underrate your artistic value," said Anne, counting out the money. "The picture is worth its price. There you are—all shillings—a grand total of one pound ten."

Lyndhurst bent over the table and gathered up the coins one by one. "Thirty pieces of silver"—he weighed the money in his hand—"a traitor's price."

"*The price of blood,*" said Anne, with an angelic softness in her eyes.

I looked at Anne resplendent in her pride. I looked at Lyndhurst—white—haggard—with nervous hands and trembling lips—and, unlike Chloe, it was not Lyndhurst whom I pitied, but Anne.

Anne who had been "so extravagant" she had given her all—her youth—her faith—her love—and in return! . . . What despair—what agonies of humiliation—what outraged pride—before her iron will had turned her defeat into her victory.

Yes—it was Anne's hour of triumph,

but I pitied her all the same—or perhaps I pitied them both—for though the one was a second Romney—and the other the desired of all men . . . the sunflower was shorn of its glory and its beauty lay dead beneath their triumphant feet.

"Have I paid enough?" said Anne, looking up at Lyndhurst with a strange smile.

"Anne!" he cried hoarsely, "Anne!"

I suddenly had urgent need of a cigar and fled.

Five minutes later, passing the morning-room door, I heard Anne laugh. Ten minutes later, looking idly out of the window, I saw a man without a hat on, running madly down the drive. Filled with a sudden misgiving, I went into the hall to find the front door open and Neville descending from his cart.

"What's that beastly boulder of yours up to now?" he inquired disgustingly. "Has he gone mad, or is he training for a race? I met him tearing down the drive without even—"

"You'll find them in the drawing-room," I said, catching up a coat, "out of my way, old man, I want to borrow your cart."

When I overtook Lyndhurst, still miserably running, he got up beside me without a word. In silence we drove ahead according to his indication, in silence he availed himself of my cap and coat, in silence we parted at the station and I waved him good-bye, as (truly history repeats itself) he glided past me *en route* for London by that Phillistine but excellent express which still leaves Norden Junction at 5.15.

After which I drove back hatless and coatless through the piercing wind, to be introduced to Neville as the future husband of Anne.

VII.

About six months later Chloe who

had been wandering with me in the picture gallery at Neville's, flung herself into a window-seat, and subduing her voice, demanded news of *him*. I had returned the night before from Paris, and in consequence was able to offer her reliable and up-to-date information.

"He's the same as ever," I began. "there's no difference at all—" I stopped abruptly. "What might you be laughing at?" I inquired.

"The sun," said Chloe promptly. "Proceed, dear Bat."

I saw my way to acquiring long delayed information, so I proceeded. "Just the same as ever," I repeated blandly; "same old studio, same old flat, same old airs and graces, and all the women off their heads to get him to paint 'em."

"Which he won't," interrupted Chloe.

"How did you know that?" I inquired suspiciously.

Chloe bobbed her curls at me with immense satisfaction.

"Never you mind. Go on. What did he say about *her*?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"Nothing!"

Now so far I had adhered to the strictest principles of veracity, but as I looked at Chloe's face, all alight and eager with the loveliest sympathy, the temptation to lie burned fiercely within me and I lied accordingly.

"Now I come to think of it he did mention that it was the first time any woman had ever refused him. . . ."

"What!" cried Chloe.

"The first time any woman had ever refused him."

"Then he lied," cried the unsuspecting Chloe—caught my look and bit her lips. "Mean pig," she said disdainfully, and turned as red as a turkey cock.

"Who lied?" said Anne, coming up to us unexpectedly.

"Neville," I said cheerfully (after all Chloe's not got a monopoly of breaking

the ninth commandment in the family), "when he says you're not going to hang Lyndhurst's portrait of you."

Anne's blue eyes shone like stars on a frosty night.

"It does seem a pity after I wasted so much time on the sittings," she said indifferently; "but Neville doesn't think it good, so he's arranged that I shall sit to Carolus Duran when we go to Paris in the spring."

"And—the other?" said Chloe, with diffidence.

"The other?" said Anne languidly. "It seemed hardly worth while unpacking it. I told them to put it in one of the attics." She consulted the watch at her wrist and smiled. "Past five; aren't you two coming down to tea?"

We watched her down the stairs in silence.

"The new Romney!" then said I.

"In the attic!" Chloe gasped.

I rose and went softly to the balustrade and looked down into the square

Temple Bar.

hall below, looked at the priceless tapestries on the walls, the priceless silver on the table, the hot-house flowers in the priceless china bowls, and Anne, sitting beside the fire with the soft lamplight on her beautiful proud face, and as I looked I wondered, and as I wondered I heard Chloe sigh.

"What are you thinking of?" I asked.

For an instant Chloe hesitated, then the passionate tenderness I had surprised in her eyes died away and she looked up at me defiantly.

"Thinking?" she said briskly. "Why, when that old pig of an uncle of Neville's goes off, what a duchess Anne will make!"

She whisked up the tail of her gown and ran downstairs, whistling like a boy.

Yes, I cannot deny it—we are distinctly vulgar; but—and I do not think any one will deny this either—we are also very human, especially my sister Anne.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrow of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

W. B. Yeats.

THE INFLUENCE OF EUROPE ON ASIA.

It is the general opinion of the European "man in the street" that Europe will presently divide Asia as well as Africa, and will thenceforward tax, govern, and, above all, "influence" the peoples of that immense continent, which contains more than half the population of the world. After fifty years' study of the subject, I do not believe that, with the possible exception of a single movement, Europe has ever permanently influenced Asia, and I cannot help doubting whether in the future it ever will. The possible exception is this. Man really knows nothing of his earliest history, and unless assisted by beings older than himself, who must exist, though unrecognizable by him, he never will know anything of it. As all the families of mankind are capable of interbreeding, and do actually interbreed, there is, from the analogy of the animal world, a violent probability that they all spring from one original stock, but of the circumstances under which that stock developed strong contrasts of color, and possibly from a repulsion produced by those contrasts, wandered to all parts of the earth, often, it seems clear, crossing by unknown means broad stretches of sea, we know absolutely nothing whatever. No one, for instance, out of hundreds of competent enquirers, has even a fixed hypothesis as to the peopling of America by a race which either carried there or developed there a shade of color differing palpably, however slightly, from the color of any other of the inhabitants of the globe. It is conceivable, therefore, that the energetic white family, *audax Iapeti genus* as Horace says, may have developed itself originally in Europe, and as it is probable that it wandered first of all into China, there imparting to a lower

and darker aboriginal race some of its energy and power of accumulating knowledge, and certain that it so wandered into India, again raising the character of most of the races previously dwelling there, it is conceivable that Europe did once permanently influence Asia. For myself I believe the older theory that the white family came from Asia; but even accepting the rival opinion, the influence was soon lost, and the population which emerged possessed all the distinctive characteristics of the Asiatic. The white invaders were lost among the dark tribes as completely as the Normans were lost among the Irish. The permanent influence remained with Asia, not with Europe. At all events, from the beginning of authentic history, Europe has received from Asia far more than she has given. The people of the "setting sun"—that seems the most probable explanation of the word "Europe"—derived from Asia their letters, their Arithmetic and their knowledge of the way to guide boats out of sight of land, a knowledge which, as we shall shortly see, they never used as Asiatics must have used it. The expeditions in which early Asiatics must have reached the islands of the South Pacific and America, and by which early Hindoos conquered and civilized Java and Balu, and early Malays conquered and thenceforth governed Madagascar, and early Arabs reached China, would have seemed to both Greek and Roman absurd audacities. Europe, till the Greek power arose, came in contact with Asia only because the Semites were great traders, skilful organizers of Sepoy armies, adventurous navigators, and, as compared with Europeans, civilized men. When the Greek power arose, it seemed for a moment as if the proc-

ess would be changed, and had Alexander not been stopped by a mutiny, the separateness of Asia might have ended; for that marvellous man, whose imagination was like insight, if he had become master of India, would have pushed Eastward, and need not have stopped until he reached the North Pacific. With him, however, the possibility ended; and though the generals who derived renown from him founded dynasty after dynasty within Asiatic limits, the Greeks left in the end scarcely an impression of themselves. Except on a thin fringe of the great continent no vestige of them remains. Their civilization took no final root, for though it lasted long it was not accepted, any more than their successive creeds and philosophies, by any Asiatic people. There is no people in the entire continent of whom you can say that they were fairly Græcized, even the Jews, who caught their ideas best, finally rejecting them. No one is so unlike a true Greek in mind as a true Asiatic.

Then came the Roman, with advantages which no predecessor had ever possessed. Of him one would have thought that it might be truly said, "With bread and iron one can get to China." He knew how to conquer and to keep on conquering; he intended, consciously intended, the conquest of the world, and he was to all appearance, as a soldier, the superior of any Asiatic. Yet he did not penetrate even as far as Alexander did. A small Asiatic tribe on the eastern border of the Mediterranean raised the most difficult rebellion Rome ever had to subdue; Persia beat back Rome as she had never beaten Alexander; and when in 125-30 Hadrian gave up the game, and pledged Rome to a defensive policy, she positively forgot Middle and Farther Asia, as if they had never existed. There remained some small trade in luxuries, and the Myrrhine vases may

have been of porcelain; but Rome not only never interfered beyond the fringe of Asia which touches the Mediterranean, but she knew nothing about it. Not only did her fleets never reach Southern and Eastern Asia, but she never sent explorers there. There is no Roman Herodotus. There was a lack of imagination in the Roman, great as he was, which is apparent, I think, in all his literature, and which acted as a limitation on his efforts. He became as content as a Chinese. Fancying he ruled the world, in which he ruled the shores of one great lake, he made no effort to conquer further, or to explore or to understand anything beyond. He had ships, wealth, brave men by the thousand, but he cared to utilize none of them any more than if he had been a Chinaman. We are accustomed to say and to think that he could not help himself; but what did he lack which the Hindoo possessed when he conquered Java, or the Malay when he conquered Madagascar, or the Iceland-er when he reached America and lost a "ship" there, or the Maori when from some far away island he took possession of New Zealand—a wonderful adventure, which, in a people who could write, would have produced a crop of literature? Having enough, the Roman was not, we are told, driven to any necessity for great adventures. That is true, but he was also a very limited person, and though he succeeded in Southern Europe, he failed in Asia as completely as in Britain, where, after reigning four hundred years, he stamped himself as little as we should be found to have stamped ourselves if we quitted India to-morrow. He made of the bold barbarians of Gaul, and of the more stubborn barbarians of Iberia, Romanized peoples, but of Asiatics he Romanized not one tribe. Something in them rejected him utterly, and survived him; and at this moment, among the eight hundred millions of Asia,

there are not twenty among whom can be traced by the most imaginative any lingering influence of Rome.

The "barbarians," as we call them, that is, the great white tribes, who, pressed, it seems probable, by an increase in their numbers inconsistent with their way of life and their imperfect agriculture, poured in successive swarms on the Roman Empire, and at last destroyed it, never appear to have contemplated conquests in Asia. They passed the Mediterranean under a leader with a genius for destruction, and stamped out Rome in Africa, but they were baffled over and over again by the Lower Empire, which we so much despise, because, after a history of heroism, it did not succeed, and in Asia they made no serious attempt. Centuries afterwards, their descendants, under a religious impulse, did; but Asia had then become too strong for them, and the whole of the series of mighty efforts, which we call the Crusades, were, so far as their influence on Asia was concerned, uselessly thrown away. Intermediately, Asia had performed the feat which she alone of the continents performs periodically. She had produced a new creed; and as—unlike Buddhism, Judaism, Confucianism and Christianity—the tenets of Mahomedanism were calculated to make soldiers, she spewed Europe completely out of her mouth. From 700 to 1757, more than a thousand years, the ways of Asia remained exclusively Asiatic, not a minute corner being even raided by the Crusaders. Not a province, not a tribe, I had almost said not an individual, had become permanently Europeanized. So far as one can see, not a European idea, not a European habit, not a distinctively European branch of knowledge ever penetrated into Asia. The Asiatics did not even learn our astronomy, which would have interested them, or our method of fighting, for the Janissaries were European followers of

Mahommed. During that long space of time it three times seemed as if Europe might be subjugated by Asiatics, once by the Arabs, once by the Turks, and once by the Tartars; but some impulse—probably the exhaustion of energy, which seems always to befall brown men—stopped the conquerors, who would, however, have mocked had they been told that the Asiatic was essentially and by incurable law feeblier than the European.

Then came the present movement against Asia, which in one way has been more successful than any which have preceded it. The north of the continent, with its vast area and thin population, has fallen under the military control of the Slav people, the great Indian Peninsula has succumbed to Anglo-Saxon energy, and neither Greece nor Rome ever ruled a third of the number of Asiatics who now pay taxes to Great Britain and obey such laws as she chooses to impose. To the external world one-half of Asia appears to have become European. In reality, however, neither Russia nor Great Britain has as yet exercised any "influence" upon the millions she has conquered. In the north the tribes are only held down by Russia, would rebel in a moment if they dared, and show no sign of accepting either her civilization, her ideas, or her creed. In the south Great Britain has enforced a peace which has produced manifold blessings, but she has neither won nor converted any large section of her subject populations. There is no province, no tribe, no native organization in India upon which, in the event of disaster, she could rely for aid. After nearly a century of clement government there are not ten thousand natives in India, who, unpaid and uncoerced, would die in defence of British sovereignty. The moment it was known in 1857 that, owing to the shrinkage of the white garrison, the enterprise was possible, the most

favoured class in the Peninsula, the Sepoys, sprang at their rulers' throats, and massacred all they could reach without either mercy or regret. The war lasted three years, and in spite of the splendid energy and courage of the whites, had the dark peoples produced one soldier of genius, a Jenghiz Khan, or even a Hyder Ali, it would scarcely have terminated to European advantage. As it was, the British remain masters; but beneath the small film of white men who make up the "Indian Empire" boils or sleeps away a sea of dark men, incurably hostile, who await with patience the day when the ice shall break and the ocean regain its power of restless movement under its own laws. As yet there is no sign that the British are accomplishing more than the Romans accomplished in Britain, that they will spread any permanently successful ideas, or that they will found anything whatever. It is still true that if they departed or were driven out they would leave behind them as the Romans did in Britain, splendid roads, many useless buildings, an increased weakness in the subject people, and a memory which in a century of new events would be extinct.

I say nothing of China, for as yet all that Europe has effected in China is to create an impression that the white peoples are intolerably fierce and cruel, that they understand nothing but making money, and that from them there is nothing intellectual or moral to be gained. Russia has acquired a "route" on which to build a railway to the Pacific. France holds a Chinese dependency where she expects rebellion, and Europe holds Peking in temporary military occupation; but it is not even pretended that China has been conquered. What she has lost has been more than made up to Asia as a whole by the rise of Japan, where a branch of the Yellow People, without the least ceasing to be Asiatic, has developed an unex-

pected energy, which if it is ever directed to obtain leadership among the yellow peoples may prove a final obstacle to the ascendancy of the whites. Europe, outside Russia at least, greatly admires that change, and forgets entirely that in its contest with Asia, which has lasted two thousand years, a new and a heavy weight has been thrown within our own lifetimes on the defensive side. We are told every day how Europe has influenced Japan, and forget that the change in those islands was entirely self-generated, that Europeans did not teach Japan, but that Japan of herself chose to learn from Europe methods of organization, civil and military, which have so far proved successful. She imported European mechanical science as the Turks years before imported European artillery. That is not exactly "influence," unless, indeed, England is "influenced" by purchasing tea of China. Where is the European apostle or philosopher or statesman or agitator who has remade Japan?

So much for the past, now for the future. Europe assumes that it will be very different; but let us look at the reasons for the assumption. I will speak of comparative force by and by; but let us at first consider whether there is any evidence that the separateness of the Asiatic mind is in any way diminishing. I do not think that any one, whether he is thoughtful statesman like Sir Alfred Lyall, or poet like Rudyard Kipling with insight into the East, or average administrator, English or Russian, will deny for a moment that the separateness exists, that East and West, brown man and white man, are at present separated by a gulf of thoughts, aspirations and conclusions, and where is the evidence that the gulf is closing up? What the secret of that separateness is has perplexed the thoughtful for ages, and will perplex them for ages more—indeed, it can nev-

er be clear until we know something definite of the primal history of man, but it must ultimately have some relation to the grand fact that every creed accepted by the great races of mankind, every creed which has really helped to mould thought, has had its origin in Asia. The white man invented the steam engine, but no religion which has endured. The vague mythology once current in Southern Europe produced no dominant ideas—it was a worship of beauty in Greece and of Rome in Rome—and no code of laws, either ethical or social, and it died away utterly, there being on earth now not one man who believes in Jupiter. The truth is the European is essentially secular, that is, intent on securing objects he can see; and the Asiatic essentially religious, that is, intent on obedience to powers which he cannot see, but can imagine. We call these thoughts "superstitions," and no doubt many of them are silly as well as baseless, but still they are attempts to think about the unseen which the European usually avoids. The European, therefore, judges a creed by its results, declaring that if these are foolish or evil or inconvenient the creed is false. The Asiatic does not consider results at all, but only the accuracy or beauty of the thoughts generated in his own mind. Macaulay's great argument that Roman Catholicism must be less true than Protestantism because Roman Catholic countries are less prosperous appears to the Asiatic to be a mere absurdity. "Is the end of religion," he asks, "to produce comfort here? The Divine Law is to be obeyed, even if it compels me to go without comfort through all my life." He does not always or often obey it, the flesh being weak, but that is what he thinks. Even the Chinaman, the most secular of all Asiatics, obeys his Emperor because he represents the Father, and rises into angry rebellion if he thinks the spirits of the

air or of the earth have been affronted. If the Asiatic believed the rule of abstinence from work on Sunday to be divine, he would let his enemy kill him quietly, as the Jew, who was an Asiatic, did in the siege of Jerusalem, while the European would go on fighting, declaring that God *could* not intend him to be killed. If Asiatics held, like Roman Catholics, that Heaven had committed the definition of faith and morals to a caste, they would obey that caste on every question of faith and morals, as the Hindoo for the same reason obeys a Brahmin decision, even if it makes of him an outcast. The European, even when Catholic, frets under the priestly domination, and passes laws like the laws of divorce, which are direct denials of the claim of the caste to divine authority. That habitual and willing submission to the supernatural, even when the decrees of the supernatural are not utilitarian, which has always been the keynote of the Asiatic mind, seems to me one cause of the separateness of Asia, a separateness so complete that the single Asiatic tribe which does not live in Asia has borne for seventeen centuries, under horrible persecution, often involving death by torture, the burden of an inconvenient and hampering law, because its members hold it to be divine.

There is also in the Asiatic mind a special political and a special social idea. It is not by accident that the European desires self-government, and the Asiatic to be governed by an absolute will. The European holds government to be an earthly business which he may manage as well as another, if only he is competent, and accordingly he either governs himself directly, or he frames a series of laws which nobody, not even the King, is at liberty to break through. The German Emperor is pretty absolute, but he could no more will a man's death than the Lord Mayor could. Every independent

Asiatic sovereign can so will and be obeyed. The Asiatic, in fact, holds that power is divine, and that a good king ought to be enabled to "crush the bad and nourish the good," to use the Brahmin formula, without check or hindrance. He is then himself relieved, like a good Catholic, from any personal responsibility, even the trouble of thinking. As a consequence, throughout history the Asiatic, though frequently exempted from military pressure, as for example the Chinese have been for ages, invariably sets up a despotism, and when, as rarely happens, the despot strikes him down, bows to the decree as we bow to the sentence of a surgeon who prescribes a painful operation. We do not quarrel with Providence because we are ill or liable to immediate death, nor does the Asiatic under oppression or unjust sentence quarrel with God's representative on earth. And lastly, the Asiatic, believing, as he invariably does, that his social system is divine, is content with it, clings to it, and resents interference with it with a passion that leads to bloodshed wherever bloodshed is possible. (It is because the English interfere so little with the social life of their dark subjects that their reign over dark peoples often lasts so long.) He is aware, keenly aware, that white government, sooner or later, involves revolution in his social system, and he hates it with an undying hatred such as an Irish peasant feels for the "agent" who may some day evict him, and who, meanwhile, levies rent. Indeed, I often think that the feeling of the Keltic Irishman towards the Englishman, which appears to be unchangeable, is the nearest analogue to that of the Asiatic for the European. He regards him, if an oppressor, as a formidable brute to be resisted with any instrument at hand; if a just man, as a disagreeable, slow-witted, uncomfortable outsider, who has no right to inter-

fere with him, and who ought to be driven to a distance as speedily and finally as possible. And it must be remembered that the European shares this feeling of separateness completely. Whatever the cause, whether as he himself thinks, antagonism of color, or, as I think, difference in permanent ideals, the effect is the same; the European cannot merge himself in the Asiatic without a sense of degradation, which is almost invariably followed by its reality. He never willingly accepts any position but one, that of unquestioned ruler. It is not a question of creed, for the Roman had the feeling as strongly as the Englishman, and the Greek thought of "Medizing" as of the sum of all possible offences against his dignity and his nature. It is not a question of laws, for legal equality under laws which he himself has made intensifies rather than diminishes English abhorrence of the process. When in 1857 the English in India, by all the rules of politics and warfare, were hopelessly lost, they exhibited before all the world the true European feeling. They asked no quarter, they suggested no compromise, they discussed no terms among themselves, they proposed no treaty, but fought on, clear only as to one point, that they would either continue to rule or they would go under and be forgotten. Asiatics, as I believe, perceive this European decision very clearly, and it is the ultimate cause of the massacres to which when they rise in insurrection they invariably resort. They know that their only chance of victory is to kill the white people out. The obnoxious race will never make terms, never merge in the population, never be anything but rulers, and therefore, if their rule is to terminate, they must be exterminated.

But I shall be told that the spread of Christianity, which is inevitable, will extinguish, probably very speedily, the separateness of Asia, and with it all

its consequences. Will it? Let us look at that belief a little closely, and without preconceived ideas. I do not find in history that a common Christianity in any degree removes hatreds of race or nationality, or prevents continuous outbreaks of bitter hostility; but we may let that pass. What is the real ground for believing that Asia will accept Christianity? Certainly there is no historic ground. No Asiatic nation of any importance can be said to have accepted it in the last seventeen hundred years. The Asiatic race which knows the creed best, and has had the strongest reasons for accepting it, reasons which prevailed with the Germans and the Slavs when Pagan, still rejects it with a certain silent but very perceptible scorn. What has changed in Asia that the future should be so unlike the past? There are more teachers, no doubt, but there are not one-tenth or one-hundredth so many as have endeavored through the ages in vain to convert the Jews. It is said that Christ gave an order to his disciples to teach all nations; that is true, and I for one believe the order to be binding, and that the Christian Church which sends out no missionaries is a dead Church; but where in the record has Christ promised to those missionaries universal success? Is it not at least possible that the missionaries carry in their hands the offer of eternal life, which a few accept, while the rest "perish everlastingly," that is, die like the flowers or the dumb creatures of God? This much, at least is certain, that for eighteen hundred years it has been no part of the policy of Heaven—I write with reverence though I use non-religious terminology—to convert Asiatics *en masse*, and there is no proof that this absence of divine assistance to the teachers may not continue for an equal period in the future. The truth is that the Asiatics, like the Jews, dislike Christianity, see in it an

ideal they do not love, a promise they do not desire, and a pulverizing force which must shatter their civilizations. Eternal consciousness! That to the majority of Asiatics is not a promise but a threat. The wish to be rid of consciousness, either by annihilation or by absorption in the Divine, is the strongest impulse they can feel. Though Asiatic in origin, Christianity is the least Asiatic of the creeds. Its acceptance would revolutionize the position of woman, which is the same throughout Asia, would profoundly modify all social life, and would place by the side of the spiritual dogma, "thou shalt love the Lord thy God," which every Asiatic accepts in theory, the far-reaching ethical dogma, "and thy neighbor as thyself," which he regards as an intolerable burden. I doubt, too, as I once before said in this Review, whether the beauty of the character of Christ appeals to the brown races as it does to the white, whether they feel his self-suppression for others, as Clovis and his warriors felt it, as something altogether more beautiful and ideal than their own range of conception. However that may be, it is clear that while the Asiatic can be wooed to a change of creed, as witness the success of both Buddhism and Mahomedanism, whose teachings are radically opposed to each other, they have not been and are not equally moved to embrace Christianity. If they ever take to it, it will be from some internal and self-generated movement of thought, and not from any influence of Europe.

And lastly as to the question of force. Europe assumes with a certain levity that if it were only united it could conquer Asia, and that for a time is possibly true. If such an event happened, it would not affect my argument, for the huge mass of Asiatics would remain uninfluenced, as the masses of India have done, would "let the legions

thunder past," and wait patiently for the hour when it would be possible to bid them depart again. But even as to the possibility there is some ground for doubt. Can Europe unite in the work or would Russia and the West quarrel over it, and so render it impracticable? That Europe is infinitely stronger for defence than Asia may be instantly acknowledged. As Sir Robert Griffin has pointed out, the white men have multiplied enormously, and European civilization has clothed itself in the enchanted armor of science. All Asia, if furious with rage, could not cross the Dardenelles, if Europe, in earnest, forbade the crossing. But for offensive transmarine war Europe is not so strong, is not three hundred millions, but rather at the utmost one million, which million she could not waste on peril of conscription breaking down, and which she could not transport, provide with horses, supply with food and munitions, and keep in movement over vast semi-tropical areas without an expenditure and a consequent taxation that her people would soon bitterly resent. The work before this million would be enormous. They would have to conquer five hundred millions of men, of whom at least five millions, the Ottomans and the tribesmen of the Northern desert and the Arabs are born soldiers, and four hundred millions are semi-civilized Mongols, who once warned could make and use rifles and light artillery as well as the Europeans, and who would be guided and drilled by a section of their own people which has assimilated much of European science. Is there an army in Europe which would regard the invasion of Japan with a light heart, and what is there in the military system of Japan which the Ottomans, the Arabs, the Tartars and the Chinese, if pushed to extremity, or if determined on insurrection, could not reproduce? Grant victory to Europe at first, and

think of the lingering war, of the endless insurrections, of the bitter quarrels among the Powers, of the huge garrisons which must be kept up, and of the steady systematized cruelty which would be needed if Asia adopted the perfectly simple expedient of refusing to work for Europeans, a refusal which in India, where all the preliminary conquering and garrisoning and organizing for revenue purposes has been already done, would bring the Empire down in a month. And all this terrible outlay of energy and treasure and human life would be for what object? Simply to provide opportunities of manufacturing prosperity for the European tribes, which opportunities would disappear as they arose under the competition of the Asiatic factories which would arise the moment order was secured. The masses of Europe who rule in the last resort do not particularly care to conquer Asia, and would not continue for ages to pay taxes for that purpose. We are all devoted to the "Empire," of which India is the flower, but how long should we keep the Empire if it cost us a hundred millions a year? I do not believe that Europe will make the effort now, or that if she makes it some years hence she will succeed—as I write she is shrinking from it in China—or that if she does succeed she will even in countless ages seriously "influence," and thereby change the masses of Asiatics. At some period, probably not long distant, they will, as they always have done, throw out the white men, not because they are oppressors, not because they are inferiors, but because they are intruders whose ideas they neither accept nor can endure.

What, then, it will be asked, is to become of Asia now for the most part, as Poushkin sang, "in dotage buried"? The only possible reply is what God wills, and not what Europe wills. Heaven has tolerated the existence of

that huge mass of men who guide their lives by untrue creeds for many thousands of years, and may continue to tolerate it for many thousands more. Who knows the purpose of the Ancient of Days, or what may be the use of the imperfect yet productive spirituality of the Asiatic mind? If I were to indulge in the futile work of dreaming I should say that there were signs in China of latent but bitter dissatisfaction with its civilization, leading to Taping movements, reforming movements, anti-dynastic movements, even, on the Western border, to movements in favor of the creed Mahommed taught, and that, as Asiatics rarely move save under a religious impulse, the hour was approaching for the Mongolian masses to evolve some new faith with a new ruler to enforce it. God grant, if that happens, that it be not the Mussulman faith, for in that event Europe will have an awful quarter of an hour. It is, however, much more probable that Asia, arming itself with the rifle, re-learning the use of mounted infantry, which Jenghis knew before the Boer did, and enforcing conscription laws, will stand on the defensive against Europe, and otherwise remain nearly unchanged, while Europe sees her own ascendancy transferred to the Western Continent. This too, however, is a dream, for all we know for certain is that Asia has always remained independent of Europe, and now shows no desire for her guidance, rather a resolution not to accept it. The future will disclose itself by degrees, but if two hundred years hence it shows Europe ruling, taxing and enlightening the great mass of Asiatics, then have I, as is quite probable, read history in vain.

In the present state of opinion and current of events, it may be advisable to end these few reflections by saying that none of them apply to Africa or its black inhabitants. They are divid-

ed off from Asiatics by two well-marked distinctions and one more doubtful. In the first place they seem incapable of even limited progress. The dwellers by the Congo have all the advantages of the dwellers by the Nile, but have remained for thousands of years hopeless and by no means happy barbarians. They cease to be so hopeless when conquered by the white men, there being perceptible advance even when, as in the Southern States of the Union, the white men were by no means intent on turning them into civilized people. The Arabs have in many places taught them to build habitable cities, to cultivate the ground and to understand a rudimentary military discipline, and it seems more than probable that the white peoples can teach them even superior lessons—at least that is the inference from the recent history of Uganda, and of Khama's country. In the second place the black peoples are nearly quite devoid of that mass of beliefs, thoughts and experiences which render Asiatics so incurably hostile to white influence. The broad idea of the negro is that the white man is his superior, and when not intolerably oppressive he is willing to accept his guidance and his authority. The absence of great insurrections among the blacks of the Southern States, the very faint resistance made by millions in Western and Central Africa, and the ascendancy acquired by many Arabs all indicate a willingness to accept external leadership which is absent in the Asiatic. It seems as if the black leather bottle would hold new wine without exploding. And, lastly, there is no evident antipathy to Christianity, which is received with a certain readiness—as also no doubt is Mahomedanism—and which by the testimony of disinterested observers does effect a marked change in ideals and modes of life. No doubt Europe may be disappointed about all these

things, for one of the forgotten facts of the situation is the shortness of the time, barely two centuries, during which the aggressive mind of Europe has been in direct contact with the black mind. The black man, even if Christianized, may retain impulses which render the contiguity of the white man intolerable to him—as is suggested to be the case by most observers in Hayti. Still he may remain submissive for a long period, as the Indians of South America have done

The Contemporary Review.

to the Spaniard, and may, like them, when emancipated, show in creed, thought and capacity for political organization decided traces of the white influence. The problem is still unsolved, and may remain unsolved for many generations yet; but still there is hope of a solution that will enable European and African to live together in amity, the former occupying a position akin to that of a good aristocracy, the position the European longs for in Asia, but alas! does not attain.

Meredith Townsend.

THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

IX.

WOUNDED HERO AND MINISTER- ING ANGEL.

"Are we not halves of one dissevered world,
Whom this strange chance unites
once more? Part? Never!
Till thou, the lover, know; and I, the
knower,
Love—"

read Mabel, and paused, since it was evident that her auditor desired to give utterance to a reflection appropriate to the occasion.

"It has always seemed to me," said Mr. Burgrave, "that in this meeting between Paracelsus and Aprile the poet has typified for all time the union of the masculine and feminine elements in human nature. Woman, the creature of feeling; man, the creature of reason; neither complete without the other. Before perfection can be attained, the lover must learn to know, the knower to love."

"All women are not creatures of feeling," said Mabel.

"But you would scarcely say that any woman was a creature of reason? Such a—a person would not be a woman. She would be a monstrosity."

"I mean that I don't think you can divide people by hard and fast lines in that way. It's quite possible for a man to be a creature of feeling, and I know women who are quite as reasonable as any man."

"Pardon me; you don't altogether follow my argument. I yield to no one in my admiration of the conclusions at which women arrive. They are often—one might say very often—astonishingly correct, but they are purely the result of a leap in the dark, and not of any process of reasoning. And since this is the case, no wise man can feel safe in acting upon them, while where the lady—as happens not infrequently with her charming sex—is biased by her personal feelings, they are liable to be dangerously deceptive."

Mabel closed the book with a bang.

"I wonder," she said angrily, "at your talking in this way, as if I wasn't horribly enough humiliated already. It was simply a chance that I didn't identify the right men, and I *know* just the same that it was Bahram Khan who employed them."

Mr. Burgrave raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Indeed, my dear Miss North, you must pardon my maladroitness. I assure you that I had no intention whatever of alluding to the—let us say the disagreeable incident of yesterday. I was dealing purely with generalities."

"But you yourself know perfectly well—though you pretend not to think so—that it was Bahram Khan," persisted Mabel.

The Commissioner raised himself on his elbow, looked straight at her, and Mabel quailed. "And is it possible," he demanded, "that you believe I am deliberately sheltering from justice, contrary to the dictates of my own conscience, a wretch who has dared to raise his hand against an Englishwoman—against a lady for whom I have the highest regard? No, Miss North, you must be good enough to withdraw those words. Even your brother and his wife are sufficiently just to believe me an honest man, although we differ on so many subjects."

The stern gray eyes under the close-drawn brows seemed to pierce Mabel through and through. She half rose from her chair, then sat down again, and repressed with difficulty a threatened burst of tears.

"I—I didn't mean that," she faltered. "All I meant was that I didn't see how you could think anything else when we are all so sure of it."

"Allow me to say that I credit you with the sincerity you refuse to see in me. Your brother has a strong prejudice—there is no other word for it—against Bahram Khan, which he has

transmitted to you, and you form your opinions upon his. I was perfectly willing to be convinced of the young man's guilt by the merest shred of what could be called evidence, but none was produced. The case against him broke down completely. Would you have me withdraw my countenance from a man whom I conscientiously believe to be innocent, and ruin all his prospects, simply on the score of an unf—unsupportable conviction of yours? No, Miss North, I won't believe it of you. You must recognize that I am right."

"But you said that our intuitions were wonderfully correct, and that your judgment was incomplete by itself," urged Mabel.

"To be of any real value the feminine intuition must be confirmed by the masculine judgment. Its use is purely supplementary."

"Oh, Mr. Burgrave, you can't really mean that! Why, my brother always consults his wife about everything, and he thinks very highly of her judgment."

"Surely Major North is the best judge of his own affairs?" suggested Mr. Burgrave drily. "If he has confidence in his wife's judgment, it is only natural that he should wish to avail himself of it. Such would not be my case, I confess."

"But according to you, I ought to model my opinions on some one's," said Mabel—"Dick's, I suppose—and that's just what you have been scolding me for doing."

"Dick's?" said the Commissioner reflectively. "No, not Dick's, I think. That was not at all what I meant to imply, Miss North. And have I been scolding you, or is that another mistaken intuition? You know how gladly I would have accepted your view of Bahram Khan's guilt, if that had been possible?"

"I know you said so, and I hoped so

much—" Mabel's eyes were full of tears.

"And do you know why that was?"

"No, indeed, I can't imagine." She spoke hastily, scenting danger. The Commissioner smiled paternally.

"No? Then will you do me the favor to consider the matter? Ask yourself why I was willing, even anxious, to be converted from my own opinion. When you have arrived at the answer I shall know."

He smiled at her again from his pillows, but Mabel muttered something incoherent and fled.

"I don't know what to do!" she cried, in the seclusion of her own room. "Does he think I am a baby or a little schoolgirl? If he wants to propose, why can't he do it straight out, and take his refusal like a man? I know how to manage that sort of thing. But to break the idea to me gradually in this way, as if I was—oh, I don't know what—a sort of fairy that must be handled gently for fear it should vanish into thin air—it's insufferable! And the worst of it is, I can't quite make out how to stop it. I seem somehow to have got myself into his power."

To see as little of Mr. Burgrave as possible, and to keep the conversation to safe subjects when she did meet him was the course which naturally suggested itself, and Mabel did her best to carry it out, but, to her dismay, it did not appear to produce any effect. She had even a distinct feeling that it was just what Mr. Burgrave had expected. Moreover it was extremely difficult to put into practice. Now that the operation had been performed on the patient's knee, he was allowed, with the leg fixed immovably in a splint, to be lifted on a couch, and thus to spend his days in the society of his hosts. Dick was out as much as ever, and when Georgia was busy, it was obviously Mabel's duty to entertain the invalid. It is sad to relate that

when escape proved impossible, she was reduced to assuming an intense interest in the study of Browning, toiling through "*Sordello*" with astonishing patience. But if any valid excuse offered itself for leaving Mr. Burgrave to his own reflections, she embraced it gladly, and when the arrival in the neighborhood of one of the nomadic tribes brought a sudden rush of patients to Georgia, she volunteered at once to help her to deal with them.

The surgery in which Georgia received her visitors was a building standing by itself in the compound and approached by a special gate in the wall, so that the ladies might wait upon their doctor without fear of encountering any rude masculine gaze. Besides this precaution, when the wives of any of the chief men came to the surgery, they brought a youth with them as attendant, who mounted guard over a motley array of slippers at the door, and formed an additional security against profane intrusion. Inside Georgia dealt with the cases individually in a small room at one end, while in the large room the visitors sat on the floor in rows, looking at the pictures on the walls, or listening casually to the Bible-woman, trained by Miss Jenkins at the Bab-us-Sahel Mission, who sat among them and read or talked. At the other end was another small room, where a patient and her friends were occasionally accommodated, when Georgia had any special reason for wishing to keep the case under her own eye, and the husband was more than usually indulgent. Here there stood a spring bedstead, which was never used, but which the women made up parties to inspect, personally conducted by Rahab. There was a history attaching to this object of pilgrimage. Two years before, a lady globe-trotter of exalted rank, in the course of an adventurous flying visit to the frontier, had spent a night at the Norths', and been stirred to enthu-

slasm by Georgia's quiet but far-reaching work among the women. Her Grace deplored sympathetically the absence of a proper hospital, and offered to put her London drawing-room at Mrs. North's disposal during her next visit home, that she might plead for funds to establish one. Georgia pointed out, however, that the smallness of the town, and the uncertain character of the wanderings of the tribes, would probably result in leaving the hospital empty for eleven months out of the year, while if Dick should be transferred to another post, its *raison d'être* would be gone. The Duchess was disappointed, but not crushed. Would Mrs. North allow her to send a gift, just one, to the surgery as it stood at present? She could not bear to think of the terrible discomfort the poor sick women must suffer.

Georgia consented, and after a time the gift arrived, coming up country at a vast expenditure of toll and money. It was a regulation hospital bed, the very latest patent, which could unroll itself the wrong way like a bucking horse, stand up on end, kneel down like a camel, dislocate itself in unexpected places, and perform other acrobatic feats, all by turning a handle. Rahah sat before it in silent admiration for a whole morning, occasionally pressing the wires gently down for the pleasure of seeing them rise again. When she had drunk in this delight sufficiently, she ventured to put the bedstead through its paces, rushing to summon her mistress in joyful awe at each new trick she discovered. But at present her enjoyment was incomplete. To be perfect the bed needed a patient to occupy it, and at last one was brought in by her friends, crippled by some rheumatic affection. Rahah herself laid her on the bed, only to behold her leap from it immediately with the strength of perfect health. There was an evil spirit in the bed, she declared.

All other beds sank when you lay down upon them, this one rose up. And in spite of the wonderful cure of this first and only case, the bed was never occupied again. It was talked of all along the frontier, the women came for miles to see it, and watched in shuddering delight while Rahah showed them what it could do, but it was only very rarely that a heroine could be found bold enough even to touch it with a finger, and meanwhile the patients continued to sleep on their mats or their charpoys.

On this particular morning Rahah was exhibiting the wonders of the bed to a party of new arrivals, and Mabel was deputed to see that the patients were admitted into Georgia's sanctum in proper order, and only one at a time. Seeing that they were all comfortably seated facing the Biblewoman, she thought it would be best to begin with those nearest the door, thus going through the whole assemblage methodically. The women, on the other hand, considered that the worst cases ought to be seen first, and each woman was firmly convinced that her own case was the worst of all. Hence arose an uproar, in which the sympathizing friends accompanying each would-be patient joined with all the force of their lungs, besieging the unfortunate Mabel, who could not understand a word, with a tumult of protests, contradictions and gesticulations. At last one woman, who carried a baby, was seized with a bright idea. Flinging away a fold of her veil from the child's face, she held it out to Mabel, exhibiting the awful condition of its eyes, which were almost sightless from neglected ophthalmia, as an incontestible proof of her right to the first place. The hint was not lost upon the other women, and in a moment Mabel was surrounded by sights from which she recoiled in horror. At first she was too much ap-

palled to move, as each woman displayed triumphantly the urgency of her own need, and then she turned sick and faint. The agglomeration of so many miseries was too much for her. Rahah returning at the moment, left the door open, and this gave Mabel courage to escape. Pressing her hands over her eyes she burst through the astonished crowd, drank in a draught of pure fresh air, and then fairly ran across the compound and back to the house. Mounting the steps with difficulty, she staggered and caught at the rail to steady herself, only avoiding a fall by a wild clutch at one of the pillars when she got to the top. An exclamation of concern reached her ears, and she became dimly conscious that Mr. Burgrave was making desperate efforts to rise from his couch.

"You are ill, Miss North! What is it? You don't mean to say that another attempt has been made—?"

"To carry me off? Oh no, not quite so near home." Mabel laughed a little, and as she began to see more clearly, noticed how the remorseful anxiety in his face gave place to unfeigned relief. "No, I'm not ill, only silly and faint."

"Try a whiff of this, then." He passed her a bottle of salts. "I was allowed to revive myself with it when my doctors had been investigating the inside of my knee a little more closely than was pleasant."

"Oh, don't!" cried Mabel faintly. "I never want to hear a doctor mentioned again."

"Why, what has happened? Has Mrs. North turned vivisectionist?"

"No, of course not. It was only that I was helping her with her patients, and they had such awful things the matter with them that I—well, I ran away."

"And very wisely. Do I understand that Mrs. North exposed you to the sight of these horrors? It is monstrous!"

"She didn't ask me to come; I offered to help her."

"In the hope of pleasing her, of course. It is all the same. In the abundant strength of mind and body that she possesses, she forgets that other people are more delicately organized than herself. I am amazed at her lack of consideration."

"I won't have you say such things about Georgia!" cried Mabel. "She is the best and dearest woman I know."

"I honor your enthusiasm. I myself have the highest possible esteem for Mrs. North, but she is a little too strenuous for my taste."

"I wouldn't have her the least bit different. I wish I was like her, instead of being so silly and cowardly."

"No, Miss North, let me beg of you not to wish that. I would not have you different. Your sister-in-law's tastes and her past experiences account for many—er—remarkable points in her character, but believe me, your true friends would rather see in you this womanly shrinking from the sight of suffering than a bold determination to relieve it."

"I hope I may consider you one of those true friends?" Mabel tried to infuse a tone of strong sarcasm into her voice.

"I hope you may. It is difficult, is it not, to feel confidence in one who differs on so many points from Mrs. North and her husband? But this is a question upon which we will not enter—yet."

"Could I say I would enter upon it at once?" Mabel demanded angrily of herself when she had made her escape. "Somehow he gets such an advantage over me by putting me down in that lofty way, and yet I don't know how to stop it. The idea of his daring to criticize Georgie to me!"

But Mr. Burgrave was even bolder than Mabel thought him. Returning the next morning from a ride with

Fitz Anstruther, she was greeted by Georgia with a laugh as she mounted the steps.

"Oh, Mab, I have been having quite a scolding, and all about you! It's clear that I am not worthy to have such a sister-in-law."

"Georgie! you don't mean that Mr. Burgrave has been rude enough—"

"Now, Mab, you know better than that. It would be impossible for him to be rude. He simply took me to task, very calmly and mildly, about my negligence towards you, to whom I stand in the place of a mother—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mabel, her face scarlet.

"So he said. It seems I am lacking in the tenderness which should be lavished upon you. Our rough frontier life ought to be tempered for you by all sorts of sweetness and light which I have made no attempt to provide. I have been inconsiderate in bringing you into contact with the revolting details of my professional work, and so on. Do forgive me, Mab. I really didn't mean to do all these dreadful things, but you did want to make acquaintance with realities, you know."

"That man is getting unbearable!" broke from Mabel. "I shall speak to him— No, I shan't," she added wearily, "it's no good. He gets the better of me every way. Can't you put a little cold poison into his medicine, Georgie? Surely it's a case in which the end would justify the means."

She went indoors with rather a forced laugh, and Fitz, who had been looking out over the desert without appearing to notice what was being said, turned round to Georgia.

"Can you honestly expect me to stand all this much longer, Mrs. North?"

"All what?" asked Georgia.

"The Commissioner's intolerable assumption. Any one would think he was Miss North's guardian, or her father, or even"—with a fierce laugh—

"her husband. What right has he to take it upon himself to defend her?—as if she needed any defending against you! It's nothing but his arrogant impudence."

"But still"—Georgia spoke with some hesitation—"how does it affect you?"

"Oh, Mrs. North, you needn't pretend not to have noticed. You know as well as I do that the Commissioner and I are both—er—well, we are both awfully gone on Miss North, and he isn't playing fair. You have seen it, haven't you?"

"I have indeed, but I hoped that you hadn't quite found out what your real feelings were."

"Surely you must have thought me a hopeless idiot? I found out all about it the day Miss North had that fall from her horse."

"So long ago as that? Why, you had scarcely known her a fortnight!"

"What does it signify if I had only known her an hour? It is the kind of feeling one can only have for one woman in one's life."

"But you didn't say anything?" asked Georgia anxiously.

Fitz laughed shamefacedly. "No, I have said nothing even yet. The fact is, it seemed a desecration to think of it. She is so lovely, so sweet, so far above me in every way! Oh, Mrs. North, I could rave about her for hours."

"And you shall," was the cordial but unexpected response, "as often as you like, and I will listen patiently, provided that you still say nothing to her."

"No, no; things can't go on in this way. You see the Commissioner has changed all that. He goes in and fights for his own hand in the most barefaced way, and I must get my innings too. After all, though it sounds horribly low to say it, I did kill the fellow that was carrying her off, and bring her back."

"Of course you did. If that was all, you certainly deserve to win her."

"Yes; but then the Commissioner scores in having got hurt. He sees her for ever so long every day, and she talks to him and reads to him, and lets him prose away to her, and no wonder he thinks he is making splendid running. I only wish I had got hurt too."

"Do you really?" asked Georgia, with meaning in her tone.

"No, Mrs. North, you're right; I don't. If we had both been hurt there would have been no one with any chance of catching up the rascals. Whether she takes him or me in the end, I did save her, at any rate."

"Good," said Georgia encouragingly. "I like that spirit."

"Well, now you know how things stand. You see what advantage the Kumpsoner Sahib is taking of her gratitude and your kindness, and you can guess how I feel about it. Tell me candidly, do you think I have the slightest chance? Why did you say that you hoped I did not understand what my own feelings meant?"

"Simply this, that a waiting game is your only chance. Since you ask me, I will speak plainly. You are younger than Mabel, you know; it is undeniable, unfortunately"—as Fitz made a gesture of impatience—"and Dick and I have got into the way of treating you like a son or a younger brother. We haven't taken you seriously, and I am very much afraid Mabel doesn't either. Mr. Burgrave holds a very high position, and he is a man of great distinction. We on this frontier cherish an unfortunate prejudice against him, of course, but elsewhere he is considered most charming and fascinating. How can she but feel flattered by his homage? And he has undoubtedly acquired a great influence over her; I can't help seeing that. And yet I can't make out that she cares for him, and I have watched her closely."

"Well, that is one grain of comfort,

at any rate," said Fitz disconsolately. "But he is not going to carry her off without my having the chance to say a word to her, I can tell him."

Georgia looked up anxiously. "Don't throw away your only hope," she entreated. "What you have to do is to make yourself necessary to her. You have been managing very well hitherto—always ready to do anything she wanted. Make yourself so useful to her as a friend that she would rather keep you as a lover than lose you."

"Oh, I say, Mrs. North, you don't flatter a man's vanity much!"

"Yes, I do. At least I am showing that I think you capable of a great deal of self-effacement for the sake of winning her."

"And if the Commissioner carries her off meanwhile?"

"I don't think he will, provided you let her alone. But if you worry her to have you, she may accept him just to be rid of your attentions. And then there will be nothing to be done but to bear it like a man."

"You don't disguise the taste of your medicines much, Mrs. Dr. North. I'll chew the bitter pill as I ride, and try to look as if I liked it. I was to meet the Major at the old fort at ten o'clock. It's awfully good of you to have listened so patiently to my symptoms, and prescribed for me so fully."

He ran down the steps and rode away, arriving at the fort a little late, to find that Dick was discussing with Colonel Graham the business on which he had come. A series of small thefts, irritating rather than serious, had taken place on the club premises of late, and the question of their prevention in future was exercising the minds of the members. As Fitz rode up, Dick and Colonel Graham were descending to the courtyard after making the round of the walls, and the former signed to him to wait where he was.

"I never remember such a succession

of petty depredations before," said Colonel Graham. "The natives must be in a very unsettled state."

"I'm not sorry these things have happened," returned Dick. "In fact, I'm glad of them."

Colonel Graham glanced at his face. "What have you got in your head?" he asked.

"Simply this. I suppose you think, as I do, that the thief got in by climbing over the wall, while the watchman was busy guarding the gateway, and never thought of any other way of entering?"

"That's my idea. In a climate like this, mud-brick is bound to go very soon if it isn't looked after, and for years the rain has washed it down into these rubbish heaps that are as good as flights of steps. What with the grass and bushes growing all about, it's as easy as possible to get in. I could do it myself."

"Then you agree that it would be as well to make it harder? I propose that we call a club-meeting and invite subscriptions for the purpose of putting the walls into proper repair. Otherwise we shall soon have the place down on our heads."

"But that sort of thing will take a long time to organize."

"That doesn't signify, since it is only to keep the natives from thinking there's anything up. So far as I see, there's no particular reason why you and I shouldn't head the subscription-list with a thousand rupees each—so that the most pressing work may be done at once, or why that two thousand rupees shouldn't last out better than such a sum ever did before."

"Good! Are we to take Runcorn into our confidence?"

"We may as well. He will be useful in deciding what it's possible to do in the time. Happily, he and the canal people have kept the wall overlooking the water in tolerable repair. As for

the other sides, we must clear away the rubbish from the foot of the walls, and build up the parapets where the bricks have weathered away. The bushes must go, of course, and the ramparts be made a safe promenade for the ladies. The tower stairs are tolerably dangerous, and it will be quite natural to have them seen to, and the floors and loopholes may as well be looked after while we are about it, though we shall never get a satisfactory flanking fire without rebuilding the whole thing. I shall take it upon myself to present the place with a new gate—not obtrusively martial in appearance, but with a certain reserve strength about it. My wife will think me a terrible Vandal for spoiling the beautiful ruin her father left behind him, but it's obvious that the *chaukidar* will be able to look after the place better when there's a gate to shut."

"I should say there won't be much ruin left when we have done with it," said Colonel Graham. "It's a mere coincidence that our largest storehouse turns out to be in the way of the canal extension works, and has been condemned. There would be no harm in storing the corn and a few other little trifles in the vaults under the club house, and it would give us an excuse for posting a sentry here at night."

"Good," said Dick, in his turn. "What accomplished deceivers we shall be by the time this is over!"

"You think things are in a bad way?"

"What do you think yourself?"

"I? I have no opinion. You have been on this frontier much longer than I have, and you are in political charge. I have seen enough to know that there's something queer going on, that's all."

"I'll tell you one thing that's going on. Five times in the last fortnight I have received secret information of tribal gatherings which were to be held without my knowledge. Of course I

made a point of turning up, and behaving just as if I had received an invitation in due form."

"Well, that was all right, so far."

"Yes, but think of the gatherings that I did not hear of. What went on at them?"

"I see; it looks bad. What do you propose doing?"

"What ought to be done is to revive the martial law proclamation, which has been in abeyance for the last four years. But I am not supreme here just now."

"Surely the Commissioner would not interfere with the exercise of your authority?"

"The Commissioner has read so many horrors about the Khemistan frontier that he is pleased every morning to find himself alive, and the house not burnt over his head. I believe he regards the improvement as due to his own presence here, and at the same time considers it an additional proof that Khemistan may now be governed like all the other provinces. If I had things my own way, my very first move would be to deport Burgrave, preferably to Simla, where he could both be happy himself and the cause of happiness in others, but as it is, he will probably deport me."

"Then you believe he has some trick on hand too?"

"I'm sure of it. He is in constant communication with Government. Beardmore and his clerks come to him every day"—Beardmore was the Commissioner's private secretary, and a man after his employer's own heart, of the type that considers it has successfully surmounted a crisis when it has drawn up a state-paper on the subject—"and he is busy with them for hours, concocting a report on the state of the frontier, I suppose. When that is finished, we may expect the blow."

"What is it that you expect exactly?"

The Argosy.

A friend of mine at headquarters tells me there's a persistent rumor—"

"That they intend to withdraw the subsidy, and cut loose from Nalapur? Just so. And that means the deluge for us. The blessed word Non-Intervention will bring about the need for intervention, as usual."

"Our people will rise?"

"Not at first. Bahram Khan will probably remove his uncle quietly, and in order to still any unpleasant rumors, encourage raids on us, which will serve the further purpose of awakening the appetite for blood and loot. The Sardars will be made to believe that we have drawn back in order to advance better, and that their only chance is to make the first move. They will cross the border, and our people will join them."

"And we shall be thankful for the fort? North, in view of all this, what do you say to sending the ladies down to Bab-us-Sahel for a while?"

"I don't know," answered Dick hesitatingly. "I thought of suggesting to my wife that she should go down there and do some shopping."

"But you fancied she'd see through it? Probably. She was born and bred here and knows the weather signs as well as you do. What's the good of trying to throw dust in her eyes? Put it to her plainly that, as things are, you would feel much happier if she was away, and she'll go like a shot. Your sister and my Flora will go with her, and they will be a pleasant party."

"She won't like going when there's no sign of danger and it might precipitate the crisis, too. Perhaps when Burgrave launches his thunderbolt—"

"If you could only get him to escort the ladies down at once, we might pull through yet."

"No fear," said Dick bitterly; "until he's done his worst."

(To be continued.)

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

LETTER XLVII.

Dearest:—I am haunted by a line of quotation, and cannot think where it comes from:—

Now sets the year in roaring gray.

Can you help me to what follows? If it is a true poem it ought now to be able to sing itself to me at large from an outer world which at this moment is all gray and roaring. To-day the year is bowing itself out tempestuously, as if angry at having to go. Dear golden year! I am sorry to see its face so changed and withering; it has held so much for us both. Yet I am feeling vigorous and quite like spring. All the seasons have their marches, with buffetings and border forays; this is an autumn march-wind; before long I shall be out into it, and up the hill to look over at your territory and you being swept and garnished for the seven devils of winter.

"Roaring gray" suggests Tennyson, whom I do very much associate with this sort of weather, not so much because of passages in "*Maud*" and "*In Memoriam*" as because I once went over to Swainston, on a day such as this when rooks and leaves alike hung helpless in the wind; and heard there the story of how Tennyson, coming over for his friend's funeral, would not go into the house, but asked for one of Sir John's old hats, and with that on his head sat in the garden and wrote almost the best of his small lyrics:—

Nightingales warbled without,
Within was weeping for thee.

The "old hat" was mentioned as something humorous; yet an old glove is the most accepted symbol of faith-

ful absence; and why should head rank lower than hand? What creatures of convention we are!

There is an old notion, quite likely to be true, that a nightcap carries in it the dreams of its first owner, or that anything laid over the sleeper's head will bring away the dream. One of the stories which used to put a lump in my throat as a child was of an old backwoodsman who by that means found out that his dog stole hams from the storeroom. The dog was given away in disgrace, and came to England to die of a broken heart at the sight of a cargo of hams, which, at their unpacking, seemed like a monstrous day of judgment—the bones of his misdeeds rising again re clothed with flesh to reproach him with the thing he had never forgotten.

I wonder how long it was before I left off definitely choosing out a story for the pleasure of making myself cry! When one begins to avoid that luxury of the fledgling emotions, the first leaf of youth is flown.

To-day I look almost jovially at the decay of the best year I have ever lived through, and am your very middle-aged faithful and true.

LETTER XLVIII.

Dearest:—If anybody has been "calling me names" that are not mine, they do me a fine injury, and you did well to purge the text of their abuse. I agree with no authority, however immortal, which inquires "What's in a name?" expecting the answer to be a snap of the fingers. I answer with a snap of temper that the blood, boots and bones of my ancestors are in mine! Do you suppose I could have been the same woman had such names

as Amelia or Bella or Cinderella been clinging leechlike to my consciousness through all the years of my training? Why, there are names I can think of which would have made me break down into sideringlets had I been forced to wear them audibly.

The effect is not so absolute when it is a second name that can be tucked away if unrepresentable, but even then it is a misfortune. There is C—, now, who won't marry, I believe, chiefly because of the insane "Annie" with which she was smitten at the baptismal font by an afterthought. She regards it as a taint in her constitution which orders her to a lonely life lest worse might follow. And apply the consideration more publicly; do you imagine the Prince of Wales will be the same sort of king if, when he comes to the throne, he calls himself King Albert Edward in florid Continental fashion, instead of "Edward the Seventh," with a right hope that an Edward the Eighth may follow after him, to make a neck-and-neck race of it with the Henries? I don't know anything that would do more to knit up the English Constitution; but whenever I pass the Albert Memorial I tremble lest filial piety will not allow the thing to be done.

Now of all this I had an instance in the village the day before yesterday. At the corner house by the post-office, as I went by, a bird opened his bill and sang a note, and down, down, down, down he went over a golden scale; pitched afresh, and dropped down another; and then up, up, up, over the range of both. Then he flung back his shabby head and laughed. "In all my father's realm there are no such bells as these!" It was the laughing jackass. "Who gave you your name?" "My godfathers and my godmothers in my baptism." Well, *his* will have *that* to answer for, however

safely for the rest he may have eschewed the world, the flesh and the devil. Poor bird, to be set to sing to us under such a burden;—of which, unconscious failure, he knows nothing.

Here I have remembered for you a bit of a poem that took hold of me some while ago and touched on the same unkindness; only here the flower is conscious of the wrong done to it, and looks forward to a day of juster judgment:—

What have I done?—Man came
(There's nothing that sticks like dirt),
Looked at me with eyes of blame,
And called me "Squinnancy-wort!"
What have I done? I linger
(I cannot say that I live)
In the happy lands of my birth;
Passers-by point with the finger:
For me the light of the sun
Is darkened. Oh, what would I give
To creep away and hide my shame
In the earth!

What have I done?
Yet there is hope. I have seen
Many changes since I began.
The web-footed beasts have been
(Dear beasts!)—and, gone, being part
of some wider plan.
Perhaps in His infinite mercy God
will remove this man!

Now I am on sentiment and unjust judgments; here is another instance, where evidently in life I did not love well enough a character nobler than this capering and accommodating boy Benjy, who toadies to all my moods. Calling at the lower farm, I missed him whom I used to nickname "Manger," because his dog-jaws always refused to smile on me. His old mistress gave me a pathetic account of his last days. It was the muzzling order that broke his poor old heart. He took it as an accusation on a point where, though of a melancholy disposition, his reputation had been spotless. He never lifted his head nor smiled again. And not all his mistress's love could

explain to him that he was not in fault. She wept as she told it me.

Good-bye, dearest, and for this letter so full of such little worth call me what names you like; and I will go to Jemima, Keziah and Keren-happuch for the patience in which they must have taken after their father when he so named them, I suppose for a discipline.

My Beloved, let my heart come where it wants to be. Twilight has been on me to-day, I don't know why; and I have not written it off as I hoped to do. —All yours and nothing left.

LETTER XLIX.

Dearest:—I suppose your mother's continued absence, and her unexplana- tion of her further stay must be taken for unyielding disapproval, and tells us what to expect of February. It is not a cordial form of "truce;" but since it lets me see just twice as much of you as I should otherwise, I will not complain so long as it does not make you unhappy. You write to her often and kindly, do you not?

Well, if this last letter of hers frees you sufficiently, it is quite settled at this end that you are to be with us for Christmas;—read into that the warm- est corners of a heart already fully oc- cupied. I do not think of it too much, till I am assured it is to be.

Did you go over to Pembury for the day? Your letter does not say any- thing; but your letters have a wonder- ful way with them of leaving out things of outside importance. I shall hear from the rattle of returning fire- engines some day that Hatterling has been burned down; and you will arrive cool the next day and say, "Oh yes, it is so!"

I am sure you have been right to se- cure this pledge of independence to yourself; but it hurts me to think what a deadly offence it may be both to her

tenderness for you and her pride and stern love of power. To realize sud- denly that Hatterling does not mean to you so much as the power to be your own master and happy in your own way, which is altogether opposite to *her* way, will be so much of a blow that at first you will be able to do nothing to soften it.

February fill-dyke is likely to be true to its name, this coming one, in all that concerns us and our fortunes. Meanwhile, if at Pembury you brought things any nearer settlement, and are not coming so soon as to-morrow, let me know; for some things of "outside importance" do affect me unfavorably while in suspense. I have not your serene determination to abide the workings of Kismet when once all that can be done is done.

The sun sets now, when it does so visibly, just where Pembury is. I take it as an omen. In your diary to-mor- row you may write down in the busi- ness column that you have had a busi- ness letter from *me*, or as near to one as I can go;—chiefly for that it requires an answer on this matter of "outside importance," which otherwise you will altogether leave out. But you will do better still to come. My whole heart goes out to fetch you; my dearest dear, ever your own.

LETTER L.

Beloved:—No, not Browning but Ten- nyson was in my thoughts at our last ride together; and I found myself shy, as I have been for a long time wishing to say things I could not. What has never entered your head to ask be- comes difficult when I wish to get it spoken. So I bring Tennyson to tell you what I mean:—

Doesn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as
they canters awaay?
Proputtly, proputtly, proputtly—that's
what I 'ears 'em saay.

The tune of this kept me silent all the while we galloped; this and Pembury, a name that glows to me now like the New Jerusalem.

And do you understand, Beloved? or must I say more? My freedom has made its nest under my uncle's roof; but I *am* a quite independent person in other ways besides character.

Well, Pembury was settled on your own initiative; and I looked on proud and glad. Now I have my own little word to add, merely a tail that wags and makes merry over a thing decided and done. Do you forgive me for this; and for the greater offence of being quite shy at having to write it?

My Aunt thanks you for the game; for my part I cannot own that it will taste sweeter to me for being your own shooting. And please, whatever else you do big and grand and dangerous, respect my superstitions and don't shoot any larks this winter. In the spring I would like to think that here or there an extra lark bubbles over because I and my whims find occasional favor in your sight. When I ask great favors you always grant them; and so, Ahasuerus, grant this little one to your beautifully loving.

Give me the credit of being conscious of it, Beloved; postscripts I never *do* write. I am glad you noticed it. If I find anything left out I start another letter; *this* is that other letter; it goes into the same envelope merely for company, and signs itself yours in all state.

LETTER LI.

Dearest.—It was so nice and comely to see the Mother-Aunt this morning importantly opening a letter from you all to herself with the pleasure quite unmlxed by any enclosure for me, or any other letter in the house to me so far as she was aware. I listened to you

with new ears, discovering that you write quite beautifully in the style which I never get from you. Don't, because I admire you in your more formal form, alter in your style to me. I prefer you much, for my own part, formless; and feel nearer to your heart in an unfinished sentence than in one that is perfectly balanced. Still I want you to know that your cordial warmed her dear old heart and makes her not think now that she has let me see too much of you. She was just beginning to worry herself jealously into that belief the last two days, and Arthur's taking to you helped to the same end. Very well; I seem to understand everybody's oddities now—having made a complete study of yours.

Best Beloved, I have your little letter lying close, and feel dumb when I try to answer. You with your few words make me feel a small thing with all my unpenned rabble about me. Only you do know so very well that I love you better than I can ever write. This is my first letter of the new year; will our letter-writing go on all this year, or will it, as we dearly dream, die a divine death somewhere before autumn?

In any case, I am, dearest, your most happy and loving.

LETTER LII.

My dearest.—Arthur and the friend went off together yesterday. I am glad the latter stayed just long enough after you left for me to have leisure to find him out human. Here is the whole story; he came and unbosomed to me three days ago; and he said nothing about not telling, so I tell you. As water goes from a duck's back, so go all things worth hearing from me to you.

Arthur had said to him, "Come down for a week," and he had answered, "Can't, because of clothes!" explaining

that beyond evening-dress he had only those he stood in. "Well," said Arthur, "stand in them, then; you look all right." "The question is," said his friend, "can I sit down?" However, he came; and was appalled to find that a man unpacked his trunk, and would in all probability be carrying away his clothes each night to brush them. He, conscious of interiors, a lining hanging in rags, and even a patching somewhere, had not the heart to let his one and only day-jacket go down to the servants' hall to be sniffed over; and so every evening when he dressed for dinner he hid his jacket laboriously under the permanent layers of a linen wardrobe which stood in his room.

I had all this in the frankest manner from him in the hour when he became human; and my fancy fired at the vision. Graves with a fierce eye set on duty probing hither and thither in search after the missing coat; and each night the search becoming more strenuous and the mystery more baffling than ever. It had a funny likeness to the Jack Raikes episode in "Evan Harrington," and pleased me the more thus cropping up in real life.

Well, I demanded there and then to be shown the subject of so much romance and adventure; and had the satisfaction of mending it, he sitting by in his shirt-sleeves the while, and watching delighted and without craven apologies.

I notice it is not his own set he is ashamed of, but only the moneyed, high-sniffing servant-class, who have no understanding for honorable poverty; and to be misunderstood pricks him in the thinnest of thin places.

He told me also that he brought only three white ties to last him for seven days; and that Graves placed them out in order of freshness and cleanliness night after night—first three new

ones consecutively, then three once worn. After that, on the seventh day, Graves resigned all further responsibility and laid out all three of them for him to choose from. On the last three days of his stay he did me the honor to leave his coat out, declaring that my mendings had made it presentable before an emperor. Out of this dates the whole of his character, and I understand, what I did not, why Arthur and he get on together.

Now the house is empty, and your comings will be—I cannot say more welcome; but there will be more room for them to be after my own heart.

Heaven be over us both. Faithfully your most loving.

LETTER LIII.

Beloved:—I wish you could have been with me to look out into this garden last night when the spirit moved me there. I had started for bed, and became sensitive of something outside not normal. Whether my ear missed the usual echoes and so guessed a muffled world I do not know. To open the door was like slicing into a wedding-cake; then—where was I to put a foot into that new-laid carpet of ankle-deepness? I hobbled out in a pair of my uncle's. I suppose it is because I know every tree and shrub in its true form that snow seems to pile itself nowhere as it does here; it becomes a garden of entombments. Now and then some heap would shuffle feebly under its shroud, but resurrection was not to be; the Lawson cypress held out great boxing-glove hands for me to shake and set free; and the silence was wonderful. I padded about till I froze; this morning I can see my big hoof-marks all over the place, and Benjy has been scampering about in them as if he found some flavor of me there. The trees are already begin-

ning to shake themselves loose, and the spell is over; but it had a wonderful hold while it lasted. I take a breath back into last night, and feel myself again full of a romance without words that I cannot explain. If you had been there, even, I think I could have forgotten I had you by me, the place was so weighed down with its sense of solitude. It struck eleven while I was outside, and in that, too, I could hear a muffle as if snow choked all the bell-fry lattices and lay even on the outer edge of the bell itself. Across the park there are dead boughs crackling down under the weight of snow; and it would be very like you to tramp over just because the roads will be so impossible.

I heard yesterday a thing which made me just a little more free and easy in mind, though I had nothing sensibly on my conscience. Such a good youth who two years ago believed I was his only possible future happiness, is now quite happy with a totally different sort of person. I had a little letter from him, shy and stately, announcing the event. I thought it such a friendly act, for some have never the grace to unsay their grievances, however much actually blessed as a consequence of them.

With that off my mind I can come to you swearing that there have been no accidents on anybody's line of life through a mistake in signals, or a flying in the face of them, where I have had any responsibility. As for you, and as you know well by now, my signals were ready and waiting before you sought for them. "Oh, whistle and I'll come to you!" was their give-away attitude.

I am going down to play snowballs with Benjy. Good-bye. If you come you will find this letter on the hall table, and me you will probably hear barking behind the rhododendrons.—So much your most loving.

LETTER LIV.

Beloved:—We have been having a great day of tidying out, rummaging through years and years of accumulations—things quite useless but which I have not liked to throw away. My soul has been getting such dusty answers to all sorts of doubtful inquiries as to where on earth this, that and the other lay hidden. And there were other things, the memory of which had lain quite dead or slept, till under the light of day they sprouted back into life like corn from the grave of an Egyptian mummy.

Very deep in one box I found a stealthy little collection of secret playthings which it used to be my fond belief that nobody knew of but myself. It may have been Anna's graspingness, when four years of seniority gave her double my age, or Arthur's genial instinct for destructiveness, which drove me into such deep concealment of my dearest idols. But, whether for those or more mystic reasons, I know I had dolls which I nursed only in the strictest privacy and lavished my firmest love upon. It was because of them that I bore the reproach of being but a lukewarm mother of dolls and careless of their toilets; the truth being that my motherly passion expended itself in secret on certain outcasts of society whom others despised or had forgotten. They, on their limp and dissolute bodies, wore all the finery I could find to pile on them; and one shady transaction done on their behalf I remember now without pangs. There was one creature of state whom an inconsiderate relative had presented to Anna and myself in equal shares. Of course Anna's became more and more lionlike. I had very little love for the bone of contention myself, but the sense of injustice rankled in me. So one day, at an unclothing, Anna discovered that certain under-garments were gone al-

together away. She sat aghast, questioned me, and, when I refused to disgorge, screamed down vengeance from the authorities. I was morally certain I had taken no more than my just share, and resolution sat on my lips under all threats. For a punishment the whole ownership of the big doll was made over to Anna; I was no worse off and was very contented with my obstinacy. To-day I found the beautifully wrought bodice, which I had carried beyond reach of even the supreme court of appeal, clothing with ridiculous looseness a rag-doll whose head tottered on its stem like an over-ripe plum, and whose legs had no deportment at all; and am sending it off in charitable surrender to Anna to be given, bag and rag, to whichever one of the children she likes to select.

Also I found;—would you care to have a lock of hair taken from the head of a child then two years old, which, bright golden, does not match what I have on now in the least? I can just remember her; but she is much of a stranger to both of us. Why I value it is that the name and date on the envelope enclosing it are in my mother's handwriting; and I suppose *she* loved very much the curly treasure she then put away. Some of the other things, quite funny, I will show you the next time you come over. How I wish that vanished mite had mixed some of her play-hours with yours;—you only six miles away all the time; had one but known!—Now grown very old and loving, always your own.

LETTER LV.

Beloved:—I am getting quite out of letter-writing, and it is your doing, not mine. No sooner do I get a line from you than you rush over in person and take the answer to it out of my mouth! I have had six from you in the last week, and believe I have only ex-

changed you one; all the rest have been nipped in the bud by your arrivals. My pen turns up a cross nose whenever it hears you coming, and declares life so dull as not to be worth living. Poor dinky little Othello! It shall have its occupation again to-day, and say just what it likes.

It likes you while you keep away; so that's said! When I make it write "come," it kicks and tries to say "don't." For it is an industrious minion, loves to have work to do, and never complains of over-hours. It is a sentimental fact that I keep all its used-up brethren in an enclosure together, and throw none of them away. If once they have ridden over paper to you I turn them to grass in their old age. I let this out because I think it is time you had another laugh at me.

Laugh, dearest, and tell me that you have done so if you want to make me a little more happy than I have been this last day or two. There has been too much thinking in the heads of both of us. Be empty-headed for once when you write next; whether you write little or much, I am sure always of your full heart; but I cannot trust your brain to the same pressure; it is such a Martha to headaches and careful about so many things, and you don't bring it here to be soothed as often as you should—not at its most needy moments, I mean.

Have you made the announcement? or does it not go till to-day? I am not sorry since the move comes from her, that we have not to wait now till February. You will feel better when the storm is up than when it is only looming. This is the headachey period.

Well. Say "well" with me, dearest! It is going to be well; waiting has not sulted us—not any of us, I think. Your mother is one in a thousand, I say that and mean it;—worth conquering as all good things are. I would not wish great fortune to come by too primrosy

a way. "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?" Even so, for size, is the share of the world which we lay claim to, and for that we must be tollers of the deep.—Always, Beloved, your truest and most loving.

LETTER LVI.

My own own Love:—You have given me a spring day before the buds begin—the weather I have been longing for! I had been quite sad at heart these cold wet days, really *down*;—a treasonable sadness with you still anywhere in the world (though where in the world have you been?). Spring seemed such a long way off over the bend of it, with you unable to come; and it seems now another letter of yours has got lost. (Write it again, dearest—all that was in it, with any blots that happened to come;—there was a dear smudge in to-day's, with the whirlpool mark of your thumb quite clear on it—delicious to rest my face against and feel *you* there.)

And so back to my spring weather; all in a moment you gave me a whole week of the weather I had longed after. For you say the sun has been shining on you; and I would rather have it there than here if it refuses to be in two places at once. Also my letters have pleased you. When they do I feel such a proud mother to them! Here they fly quick out of the nest; but I think sometimes they must come to you broken-winged, with so much meant and all so badly put.

How can we ever, with our poor handful of senses, contrive to express ourselves perfectly? Perhaps—I don't know;—dearest, I love you! I kiss you a hundred times to the minute. If everything in the world were dark round us, could not kisses tell us quite well all that we wish to know of each other?—me that you were true and brave and so beautiful that a woman

must be afraid looking at you;—and you that I was just my very self—loving and—no! just loving; I have no room for anything more! You have swallowed up all my moral qualities, I have none left; I am a beggar, where it is so sweet to beg.—Give me back crumbs of myself! I am so hungry, I cannot show it, only by kissing you a hundred times.

Dear share of the world, what a wonderful large helping of it you are to me! I alter Portia's complaint and swear that "my little body is bursting with this great world." And now it is written and I look at it, it seems a Budge and Toddy sort of complaint. I do thank Heaven that the Godhead who rules in it for us does not forbid the recognition of the ludicrous! C— was telling me how long ago, in her own dull Protestant household, she heard a riddle propounded by some indiscreet soul who did not understand the prudish piety which reigned there; and saw such shocked eyes opening all round on the sound of it. "What is it," was asked, "that a common man can see every day but that God never sees?" "His equal," is the correct answer; but even so demure and proper a support to thistly theology was to the ears that heard it as the hand of Uzah stretched out intrusively and deserving to be smitten. As for C— a twinkle of wickedness seized her, she hazarded "A joke," to be the true answer, and was ordered into banishment by the head of that God-fearing household for having so successfully diagnosed the family skeleton.

As for skeletons, why your letter makes me so happy is that the one which has been rubbing its ribs against you for so long seems to have given itself a day off, or crumbled to dissolution. And you are yourself again, as you have not been for many a long day. I suppose there has been thunder and the air has cleared; and I am not to

know any of that side of your discomforts?

Still, I *do* know. You have been writing your letters with pressed lips for a month past; and I have been a mere toy-thing, and no helpmate to you at all, at all. Oh, why will she not love me? I know I am lovable except to a very hard heart, and hers is not; it is only like yours, reserved in its expression. It is strange what pain her prejudice has been able to drop into my cup of happiness; and into yours, dearest, I fear, even more.

Oh, I love you, I love you! I am crying with it, having no words to declare to you what I feel. My tears have wings in them; first semi-detached, then detached. See, dearest, there is a rain-stain to make this letter fruitful of meaning!

It is sheer convention—and we, creatures of habit—that tears don't come kindly and easily to express where laughter leaves off and a something better begins. Which is all very ungrammatical and entirely me, as I am when I get off my hinges so suddenly.

Amen, amen! When we are both a hundred we shall remember all this very peaceably; and the "sanguine flower" will not look back at us less beautifully because in just one spot it was inscribed with woe. And if we with all our aids cannot have patience, where in this midge-bitten world is that virtue to find a standing?

I kiss you—how? As if it were for the first or the last time? No, but for all time, Beloved! every time I see you or think of you sums up my world. Love me a little, too, and I will be as contented as I am your loving.

LETTER LVII.

Come to me! I will not understand a word you have written till you come. Who has been using your hand to strike

me like this, and why do you lend it? Oh, if it is she, you do not owe her *that* duty! Never write such things;—speak! have you ever found me not listen to you or hard to convince? Dearest, dearest!—take what I mean; I cannot write over this gulf. Come to me—I will believe anything you can *say*, but I can believe nothing of this written. I must see you and hear what it is you mean. Dear heart, I am blind till I set eyes on you again! Beloved, I have nothing, nothing in me but love for you; except for that I am empty! Believe me and give me time; I will not be unworthy of the joy of holding you. I am nothing if not *yours*! Tell this to whoever is deceiving you.

Oh, my dearest, why did you stay away from me to write so? Come and put an end to a thing which means nothing to either of us. You love me; how can it have a meaning?

Can you not hear my heart crying?—I love nobody but you—do not know what love is without you! How can I be more yours than I am? Tell me, and I will be!

Here are kisses. Do not believe yourself till you have seen me. Oh, the pain of having to *write*, of not having your arms round me in my misery! I kiss your dear blind eyes with all my heart.—My Love's most loved and loving.

LETTER LVIII.

No, no, I cannot read it! What have I done that you will not come to me? They are mad here telling me to be calm, that I am not to go to you. I too am out of my mind—except that I love you. I know nothing except that. Beloved, only on my lips will I take my dismissal from yours; not God himself can claim you from me till you have done me that justice. Kiss me once more, and then, if you can, say we must part. You cannot!—Ah, come

here where my heart is, and you cannot!

Have I never told you enough how I love you? Dearest, I have no words for all my love; I have no pride in me. Does not this alone tell you?—You are sending me away, and I cry to you to spare me. Can I love you more than that? What will you have of me that I have not given? Oh, you, the sun in my dear heavens—if I lose you, what is left of me? Could you break so to pieces even a woman you did not love? And me you *do* love—you *do*. Between all this denial of me, and all this silence of words that you have put your name to, I see clearly that you are still my lover.—Your writing breaks with trying not to say it; you say again and again that there is no fault in me. I swear to you, dearest, there is none, unless it be loving you; and how can you mean that? For what are you and I made for unless for each other? With all our difference people tell us we are alike. We were shaped for each other from our very birth. Have we not proved it in a hundred days of happiness, which have lifted us up to the blue of a heaven higher than any birds ever sang? And now you say—taking on you the blame for the very life-blood in us both—that the fault is yours, and that your fault is to have allowed me to love you and yourself to love me!

Who has suddenly turned our love into a crime? Beloved, is it a sin that here on earth I have been seeing God through you? Go away from me, and He is gone also. Ah, sweetheart, let me see you before all my world turns into a wilderness! Let me know better why—if my senses are to be emptied of you. My heart can never let you go. Do you wish that it should?

Bring your own here, and see if it can tell me that! Come and listen to mine! Oh, dearest heart that ever beat mine beats so like yours that once

together you shall not divide their sound!

Beloved, I will be patient, believe me, to any words you can say; but I cannot be patient away from you. If I have seemed to reproach you, do not think that now. For you are to give me a greater joy than I ever had before when you take me in your arms again after a week that has spelled dreadful separation. And I shall bless you for it—for this present pain even—because the joy will be so much greater.

Only come; I do not live until you have kissed me again. Oh, my beloved, how cruel love may seem if we do not trust it enough! My trust in you has come back in a great rush of warmth, like a spring day after frost. I almost laugh as I let this go. It brings you—perhaps before I wake; I shall be so tired to-night. Call under my window, make me hear in my sleep. I will wake up to you, and it shall be all over before the rest of the world wakes. There is no dream so deep that I shall not hear you out of the midst of it. Come and be my morning-glory to-morrow without fail. I will re-write nothing that I have written—let it go! See me out of deep waters again, because I have thought so much of you! I have come through clouds and thick darkness. I press your name to my lips a thousand times. As sure as sunrise I say to myself that you will come; the sun is not truer to his rising than you to me.

Love will go flying after this till I sleep. God bless you—and me also; it is all one and the same wish.—Your most true, loving and dear faithful one.

LETTER LIX.

I have to own that I know your will now, at last. Without seeing you I am convinced; you have a strong power in you to have done that! You have told me the word I am to say to you; it is

your bidding, so I say it—Good-bye. But it is a word whose meaning I cannot share.

Yet I have something to tell you which I could not have dreamed if it had not somehow been true; which has made it possible for me to believe, without hearing you speak it, that I am to be dismissed out of your heart.—May the doing of it cost you far less pain than I am fearing!

You did not come, though I promised myself so certainly that you would; instead came your last very brief note which this is to obey. Still I watched for you to come, believing it still and trusting to silence on my part to bring you more certainly than any more words could do. And at last either you came to me or I came to you; a bitter last meeting. Perhaps your mind too holds what happened, if so I have got truly at what your will is. I must accept it as true, since I am not to see you again. I cannot tell you whether I thought it or dreamed it, but it seems still quite real, and has turned all my past life into a mockery.

When I came I was behind you; then you turned and I could see your face—you too were in pain; in that we seemed one. But when I touched you and would have kissed you, you shuddered at me and drew back your head. I tell you this as I would tell you anything unbelievable that I had heard told of you behind your back. You see I am obeying you at last.

For all the love which you gave me when I seemed worthy of it I thank you a thousand times. Could you ever return to the same mind, I should be yours once more as I still am; never ceasing on my side to be your lover and servant till death, and—if there be anything more—after as well.

My lips say amen now; but my heart cannot say it till breath goes out of my body. Good-bye; that means—God be with you. I mean it; but He seems to have ceased to be with me altogether. Good-bye, dearest. I kiss your heart with writing for the last time, and your eyes that will see nothing more from me after this. Good-bye.

(To be continued.)

IS IT DEGENERATE?

Is it degenerate, to fall from Wealth,
To live in straitened shores, on scanty fare,
To put on homespun, and to house in bare
Simplicity, the hardy nurse of health?
Is it degenerate, if Power or Stealth
Pluck from the brow uncertain coronet,
And unsubstantial pride of sword or gun,
And make a realm on which sun never set
A realm of spirit needing not the sun?
Nay, these are accidents which never yet
Could hurt nobility. But one thing may
Brand on our brow the mark, "Degenerate":
To lose the vision of the truly Great,
And lapse from effort on the starry Way!

Good Words.

Robert F. Horton.

ON THE PLEASURES OF TEXTURE.

A foolish mathematician has pointed out that melody is finite. Without agreeing with the corollary, that music must be a vanishing art, the proposition involuntarily starts us on the search for fresh materials from which we may construct artistic pleasure.

The cultivation of the olfactory nerve has already been frequently suggested, and if the expression be permissible, a "concert of smells" at once opens up an infinite vista of future enjoyment. The necessary instrument which would "throw" the different odors into the hall, in succession or simultaneously, in obedience to a keyboard of the customary pattern, is easily conceived. As easily can we imagine a discord of, say, "garlic and boot-polish," or "turpentine and rose-oil" dissolved in the enchanting harmony of "lemon-peel and Moselle-soaked woodruff," and the great pleasure to be derived therefrom. A melody of flower-scents in quick succession, accompanied by booming chords of vintage clarets and burgundies, would also be delightful. In fact, examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

The many objections to a scheme of this kind are obvious but pertinent. I will mention but two.

The first and most important one is no doubt to be found in the climate of our northern countries, which renders the necessary development of the sense of smell practically impossible.

The second, which would tend to prevent the popularization of this art, and therefore threaten its extinction sooner or later if it had any existence, is the impossibility of exercising it privately in an adequate manner. The necessarily cumbersome machinery, the great expense of providing the materials where quantity is as essential as quality, put this beyond question; and where

there are no amateurs there can be no artists.

For the first requisite, in the proper development of any art, is a large intimacy and a growing proficiency in those practising it for pleasure, and the consequently increased activity of those following it professionally.

If I cannot read my score at home, or imitate the long-haired lion on my own fiddle or piano, I shall cease to visit opera house and concert hall; if I cannot have my portfolio of etchings or prints, and have no picture to hang over my sideboard, I shall no longer take a duly appreciative interest in the public galleries; and if I cannot read my poet at home, I will never go and hear him recite his verses at the town hall.

The while many people have turned their attention to the nose as a possible art-factor in the future, the importance of the touch-sense as a means of conscious pleasure seems to have been entirely overlooked.

The sense of touch is already much keener than that of smell, and even without any preliminary training can minister to the greatest sensuous pleasure, while it is astounding to what an extent a short period of deliberate exercise augments its power. It is moreover possessed by every part of the body, and the gradations of intensity, engendered by a successive application of the producing medium based on this fact are not the least pleasure of its perception.

Before proceeding to the practical exposition of my subject, it is necessary to investigate its artistic bearings, and the first question to be answered, is: "What is artistic enjoyment?" We look at a good picture or hear a fine symphony; the eye or ear receives an

impression, which it transmits to the brain; the brain reacts on the perceptions of the eye or ear, and thus (the matter coming by the senses, the form from the mind) the elaborate artistic pleasure is constructed. The nearer an art is to its origin, the more must its enjoyment be sensuous and the less intellectual. Every art must necessarily pass through a long period of development before it can properly be so designated; in fact, art is merely a deliberate and elaborated exercise of the various senses. It originates in the simplest employment of the receivers of personal or extraneous productions, taking no count of any resultant reaction of the mind on the notices of these senses. When this is perceived the first step towards expansion of such notices into a means of artistic and intellectual enjoyment is taken.

It is at this point that we now stand with regard to the art of exciting the brain consciously by an impression conveyed through the sense of touch, and starting from which we must go forward to its perfection. It will be said that any further development is an impossibility, that the idea of intellectual form in connection with texture is madness; and at present proof in contravention of such objections can, of course, be only inferential. Did the prehistoric scratcher on bones dream of Raphael or Titian? Can the chanting savage and gong-beating cannibal imagine a Brahms?

The simultaneous enjoyment of many textures will be the first step forward, for although we can notice various touchings on different parts of the body at the same moment, the brain is not yet capable of assimilating these impressions into one organic whole. The careful observer will discover either that the mind receives these in quick succession, or that one single impression predominates to the exclusion of all others. Even should the mass be

dimly perceived as a homogeneous superstructure, it argues the certainty of future success rather than present capability of proper enjoyment.

Having thus defined the goal towards which we must advance, I come to my subject proper; to show how far the present power of the touch sense for recording impressions on the brain can minister to sensuous pleasure.

I shall develop the idea by practical hints only, and, although the degree of enjoyment will naturally vary with the individual, the fundamental truth of what I shall put forward will be acknowledged by all.

The æsthetics of texture present as yet no pressing questions, and must, for the time, "stand over."

I have noticed above that the sense of touch is, although in different degrees, vested in every part of the body, but for the present purpose of illustration, I shall select three only, which seem to me to be the most intimate in their relations with the brain. These are:

1. The mouth (lips, palate, tongue, teeth).
2. The tips of the fingers
3. The sole of the foot.

The ever-fascinating subject of food and the delights of the table has formed the subject of innumerable volumes, but to my knowledge it has never been pointed out how much our pleasure in many dishes is due to the sense of touch. The "feel" of a delicate substance between the lips, between the teeth, or between the tongue and the roof of the mouth, contributes as much to the enjoyment of a good meal as the "taste" of the food consumed. Almost every kind of edible has this property of agreeably stimulating the brain through the sense of touch, and requires only conscious exercise to add an entirely fresh feeling of eager anticipation and subsequent happiness to the feelings of the diner.

In some cases indeed the pleasures of touch far outweigh those of taste; notably in the case of the apple, where the action of biting contributes at least seventy-five per cent. of the joy in eating, and has endowed this fruit with an entirely undeserved fame for flavor. The meeting of the teeth in the juicy flesh of an apple in perfect condition communicates a thrill of ecstasy through the whole system which is unsurpassed by any other fruit.

In much the same case is the fresh truffle, although the proportion of taste and touch in making up the total of bliss in eating it is perhaps more nearly equal.

The acknowledgment of these facts will not in the least lessen the pleasures of the palate, for touch and taste can live in perfect harmony side by side. It will, on the contrary, increase immensely the delights of the table, for in proportion to the knowledge of why we enjoy does our capacity for such enjoyment increase.

I think this part of the subject can now be left to the discriminating investigator for further individual development, but before proceeding I should like to note that what I have said about food applies equally to drink. Especially has old wine—claret and burgundy or fine Rhenish in particular—the power of strongly impressing itself on the sense of touch, although it is more difficult than in the case of solid food to separate the texture from the action on the palate. It is perhaps superfluous to mention that the touch sense of the mouth can be excited with equal success by objects not meant for consumption, *e. g.*, the grape-skin, the cherry-stone, etc., but opportunity, except in the case of a cigar, is of course not so frequent.

We now pass to the tips of the fingers, where the sense of touch is more delicate and acute than in any other part of our body. The hourly contact

of our hands with other bodies opens here not only the largest field of speculation, but also the widest range for individual exercise and research. To extract from the objects handled in the course of our daily duties in the highest possible degree the pleasure contained in their texture, will render an otherwise monotonous and dull calling not only tolerable, but enjoyable, and therefore healthy. It is, of course, not possible in the confined space at my disposal to go into details, but the mine of pleasure here opened is so easy of access, so inexhaustible in wealth, and so readily exploited that every one will find the way to it without trouble, and will never quit it, once he has experienced its supreme delight.

While the ordinary objects of daily life are the most obvious sources of gratification, there are many ways of obtaining a greater happiness in exploring nature for superior founts of inspiration. Thus, it will be found that by gently moving the first finger forwards and backwards beneath the chin of a young child the most exquisite sensation of pleasure is received. Again examples could be multiplied indefinitely; but it is not my purpose to pursue the subject further, not only because individual cases differ, but because the discovery of these extraordinary means of employing the touch sense add a good deal to the enjoyment of their result.

In connection with the use of the fingers it will be well to briefly notice the pleasure of the unexpected, which has so large a share in the elements of every art. It is hardly necessary to mention that in this case, as always when treating of common art factors, the doctrine remains the same whatever part of the body serves to receive the impression. It is only for purpose of illustration that I include the gratification of that which comes upon us

"with a fine suddenness" under the present heading. I again allude to the meagreness of my examples, not in apology, but as a reminder that I am conducting this party as far as the hall only, and that every one can explore the thousand and one rooms of this palace of delights, and whenever he wishes. Moreover, as I mentioned above, personal discovery increases pleasure here as elsewhere, and as I would wish to awaken the interest of genuine explorers in the "dark continent" of my location, it would ill become me to curtail "such joy" as "ambition finds."

Pass, then, your finger along some smooth surface of polished oak or royal satin, where closed eyes cannot anticipate the shock of a sudden obstacle or inequality, and enjoy its abruptness; or trail your hand in the water of a swift stream over the side of a boat stemming the current, and feel the thrill of meeting a whirling eddy, which shall drown the steady, stimulating opposition of your running river, and be happy.

We must now turn to the third, and in some respects most important, receiver of touch impressions on our list—the sole of the foot.

Considering the care we take in preventing contact with Mother Earth, this part of our body is extraordinarily impressionable—a fact for which we must be duly grateful. There is no one of us who does not spend a great deal of time in walking either from room to room, to and from office, or for exercise. Now the pleasure derived from the impression of texture on the sole of the foot will, when duly appreciated, do much towards refining that tedious and savage mode of progress known as walking, and, as such, should be assiduously cultivated. In fact, by concentrating the attention on the messages received by the brain from the ground traversed, this bar-

barous relic, which "the tyrant custom" has, so far, forced us to bear becomes an artistic exercise.

When walking for exercise or straining after a view, careful attention to the texture of the ground covered becomes even more important. By taking our attention off the hill we climb, it minimizes fatigue, besides stimulating the brain, while no amount of "walking dream" will ever interfere with the outlook.

The ideal place, however, for exercising will be a perfectly level plain, where there is no hill or valley that can possibly divert attention from the ground-texture. Such are to be found in the perfect tennis-lawn, the soft springy turf of the "breezy downs," and above all in a long stretch of hard wet sea-sand traversed by bare feet following the ebb tide. This will communicate to the whole system an ecstasy of healthy happiness worth many hundred miles of travel to attain.

Almost an equal amount of enjoyment may be extracted from a short walk over sharp pebbles or flints; but this ought, perhaps, more properly to be considered when dealing with the "pleasures of pain," where an aching tooth becomes a raging joy, than under our present heading, although a strict line of demarcation is difficult to draw. In any case it will be well for those who possess the aptitude for appreciating the delirious transports of physical suffering to experiment in this direction with texture; they will be amply rewarded.

Brief and incomplete as this first introduction to the pleasures of texture must necessarily be, I hope it will prove a finger-post directing many to the right road. There is no doubt that the proper exercise of our touch sense can do much towards brightening and giving new interest to our daily life and occupation, and its cultivation with

this object alone in view cannot fail of showing most excellent results.

At the same time we must not lose sight of the nobler heights to which our sense of touch is guiding us, and, while awaiting the time when intellectual beauty shall crown our efforts with the laurel of art, do all within our power to hasten the advent of that glorious day.

I have purposely refrained from dwelling on the other side of the picture. While practically and theoretically I cannot admit any pertinent objections, there is no doubt that the proper perception and development of

the touch sense, while increasing the pleasure of pleasant surfaces, will also materially augment the distaste of repulsive ones. The arguments in reply are obvious, and while not entirely surmounting this obstacle, hold good as much as they do in the other arts.

It is at least certain that the employment of the touch sense as a means of artistic pleasure has two great advantages over all rivals:

1. That no expense is entailed in its pursuit.

2. That every man is his own artist. And it will be admitted that we have discovered the art of the future.

Oscar Eve.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE DONKEY.

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born;

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

Gilbert Chesterton.

See pages 400+723

THE QUEEN AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Nothing has been more striking, nothing more moving to the British as a nation, than the way in which the Queen has been mourned and her memory revered in the United States. The English-speaking people of America almost with one voice have joined the English-speaking people of the British Empire in their expressions of affection for the Queen. The outside world has wondered at the spectacle, and has asked how it comes about that a people who are always anxious to proclaim their Republicanism and their indifference to the claims of Monarchy have held a national mourning for a foreign Queen. Even Englishmen have not quite understood the true nature of American feeling, and have sought about for special explanations of the way in which the people of the United States have been moved. Some have thought to find an explanation in the fact that the Queen took the side of the Union in the Civil War, and was always politically a firm friend of America; others declare that the Queen's domestic virtues specially appealed to the American people; while others again trace America's grief to the fact that Americans honor womanhood beyond other nations and that the Queen was the representative of all that is best in woman.

No doubt in a sense all these reasons are true, but they are not by themselves sufficient. The true explanation lies much deeper, though it includes those just stated. The American people have felt the Queen's death so deeply because they and we belong to the same race, speak the same language, follow the same ideals, moral, social and political—because, in brief, truth, justice, freedom, honor, honesty, sincerity and “the conduct of a gentle-

man” mean not something that needs a shade of difference in translation, but exactly the same things to them and to us. Americans and Englishmen are, as Carlyle said, all subjects of King Shakespeare. They all vibrate to the deep elemental emotion of Wordsworth, to the passion of Byron, to the magic splendor of Scott. These are the essential reasons why the American people felt the death of the Queen as we felt it ourselves, and not as foreigners. They were sharers in our sorrow, while the foreigner, however much he was struck by the Queen's high character, and however anxious he was to show his respect, was merely an external sympathizer. There was no complimentary mourning, for they are of the house. The feeling expressed by the American people is, in fact, a proof of the essential oneness of the English-speaking race. It is impossible for any person, Sovereign or President, poet or divine, philosopher or weaver of romance to rise to the very highest place in either land without becoming the common property of both peoples. Say what we will, we are sharers in the really great. The smaller men are sectional, and may belong exclusively to one nation, but in the highest both have a share. We English felt this in the case of Mr. Lincoln. For a time he belonged only to America, and was ignored and misunderstood by a large part of our people. But gradually his transcendent qualities of heart and head won their way among us, and when he died we realized that he belonged to the whole race. In the famous lines in Punch written on Mr. Lincoln's death, even “the ribald jester” claimed a right to stand in sorrow by the President's bier, and no American wished to challenge

that right. The British nation recognized in the dead President a representative of what was highest and noblest in the English-speaking kin, and ever since his memory has been well-nigh as much revered here as in the United States. It is the same with Washington. No Englishman ever dreams of thinking of Washington in the way he thinks of foreign national heroes. He may admire and respect the foreigner, but for the American there is always in addition that thrill of emotion which is added by the freemasonry of race, language and the tradition of kindred moral ideals. No doubt it is only very rarely that any man or woman in either nation can rise to the height of becoming a common heritage. Scott may be said to have achieved it in literature in a former generation, and possibly Tennyson in this, for we doubt if any American regards Tennyson as merely a "Britisher." But be that as it may, the Queen certainly achieved this glory and as the representative of what is noblest in public and private life has taken her place in the hearts of both branches of the race. It is no mere rhetorical flourish for Americans to say that they felt for her as "our Queen." That this desire of both peoples to share in what is best in either may long continue is our earnest wish. It is our belief that it will and must continue as long as we speak the same language and read the same Bible, and as long as Mr. Lincoln and the Queen remain as examples of public duty. As long as we strive to obey the same standards of conduct, we must admire the same human qualities; must feel the same reverence for those who possess them; must experience the same sense of grief at their loss; and must show the same pride in the memory of the great dead. It was, in truth, inevitable, the Queen being what she

was, and the Americans being conscious of her high qualities, that they should be almost as deeply touched by her death as we were, and should feel our loss almost as if it were their own. Though not in a political, yet in the moral sense there is a blank in their lives as in ours. A living reminder of what is the true standard of public and private duty has passed away from them as from us.

We have dwelt above on the general feeling of the American people for the Queen, and the influences and conditions underlying it. It will, however, be not inappropriate to remark also on the very special and quasi-personal relations that existed between the Queen and the various Presidents of the United States. We do not believe we are exaggerating when we say that almost every member of the long succession of American Presidents who held that high office during the queen's reign, at some time of his tenure of office felt instinctively that he was in a special relation with the presiding Sovereign and representative of the other half of the English-speaking race, and that this feeling was reciprocated by the Queen. The greatness of the charge placed on either, and the instinctive sense of copartnership in the joint task of presiding over the Anglo-Saxon kin, created a feeling of sympathy which, even when unconscious, must have had great results. One sees an indication of the personal ties thus created in the letters written by the Queen to the widows of the two Presidents who died at the White House during her reign—Presidents Lincoln and Garfield. Whether any of the other Kings or Queens of Europe wrote letters on those occasions we do not know, but we may be sure that if they did they were of a perfectly different kind. These letters to Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield were, if we remember rightly, made public; but did the Queen ever write

or receive private or quasi-private letters from the Presidents of the United States? Possibly it would have been considered constitutionally undesirable at Washington and in London to enter into such direct communications, but if any correspondence of this kind exists it should prove extremely interesting. In any case, it is abundantly clear that the Queen always took the most keen and personal interest in the fortunes of the denizens of the White House, and with her perfect tact never expressed her feelings in a way that could possibly appear or be represented as "patronizing." The Queen in her long life had known many Americans,

The Spectator.

and had many American friends, men and women, and though she had never been to America, she had doubtless a very accurate notion of the trend of American feeling and opinion. She clearly understood the people of the United States, for she never once made a mistake in regard to America, and never by her personal action did anything that was resented or disliked in America. She was, in truth, the "great and good friend" of the American people, as they were hers, and when their Presidents addressed her in that formal phrase of diplomacy the words rang true.

THE RECALL.

A DREAM OF THE GHETTO.

So far he led them through the Wilderness,
That not in dreams alone, he saw the Land
Long-promised: his it was at last, to stand
Humbly exalted—free from fears and stress,
And view the Distance without bitterness,
Beneath the Shadow of God's outstretched Hand:
And then, God touched him, making just, and grand
His Sleep, in its consummate loneliness.

Who would grudge death, if he might lead as far
As Moses led his flock, these sore distress
Outcasts on alien hills? Loveless, unblest,
They prove each halting-place their griefs debar
From yielding rest: but where the fig-trees are,
And palms, Peace whispers,—"*Children, Home is best!*"

The Argosy.

E. H.

